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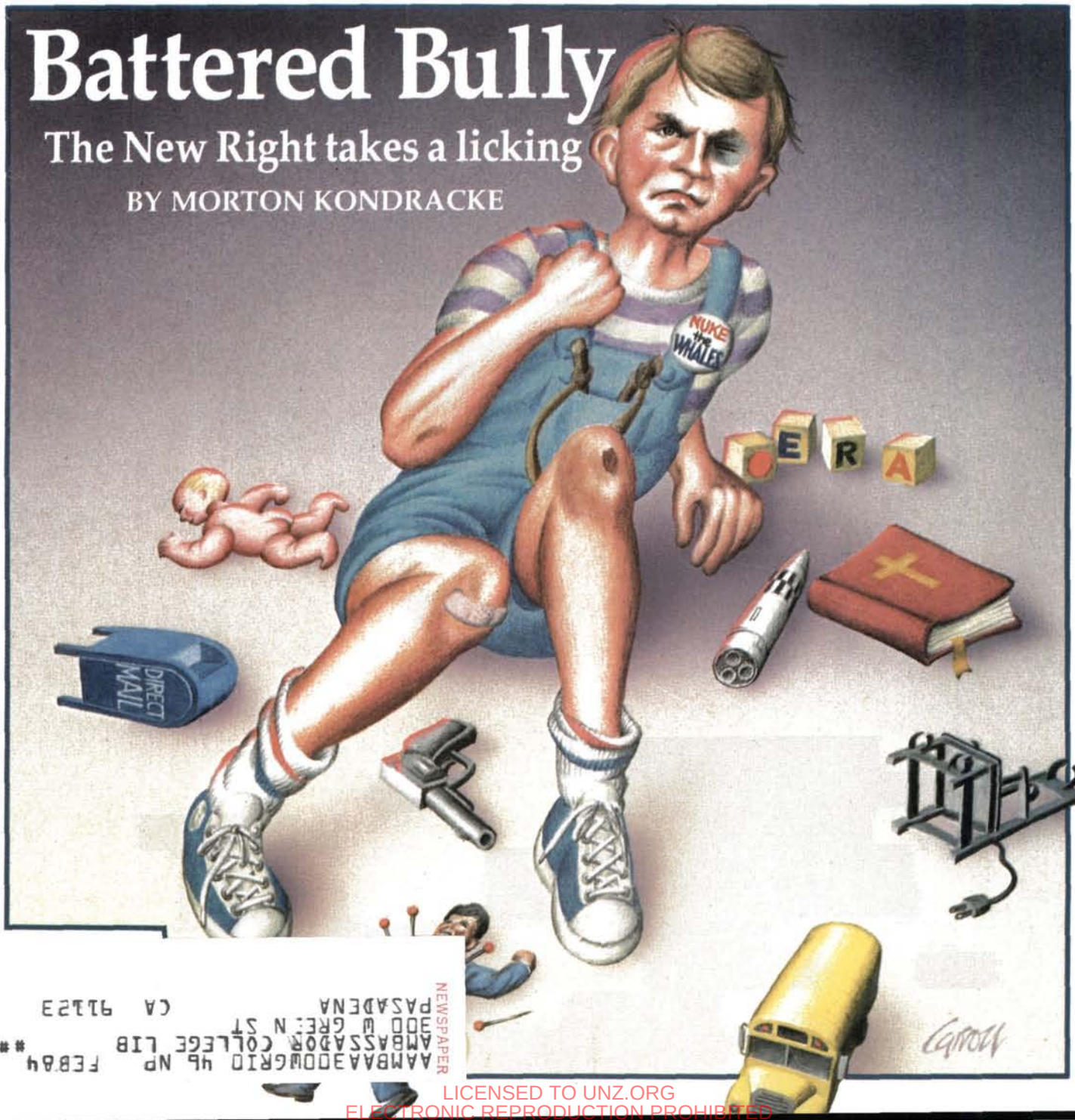

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The Dispersion Analysis

Exhaust dispersion near a roadway is influenced by the turbulence and heat generated by moving vehicles. Findings at the General Motors Research Laboratories have provided a new understanding of the dispersion process.

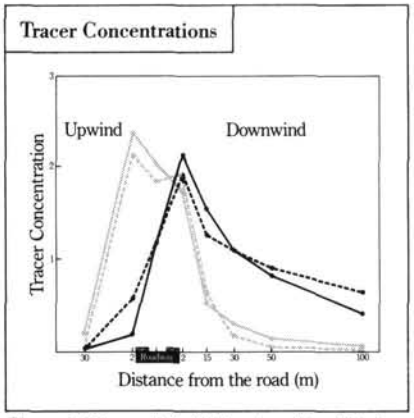


Figure 1: Observed (solid lines) and predicted (dashed lines) tracer concentrations near ground level as a function of distance from the edge of the road. Black lines indicate the case in which the wind is perpendicular to the road; gray lines, when the wind is nearly parallel to the road and opposing the upwind-lane traffic.

Figure 2: This representation of a roadway viewed from above shows the location of large vortices formed by local wind shear when the wind opposes the upwind-lane traffic.

BY USING the conservation-of-mass equation, one can describe the dispersion of gaseous molecules in the atmosphere. The equation includes terms for advection, diffusion, sources and sinks. Advection is the transport of air parcels by the mean wind; diffusion is due mainly to turbulent mixing. But the equation is useful only if we have information about the wind and temperature fields in the atmosphere. Specifically, our ability to predict vehicular exhaust concentrations near a road depends on knowledge of the effects of vehicles on these fields.

The conservation-of-mass equation for the mean concentration of any species, C, is

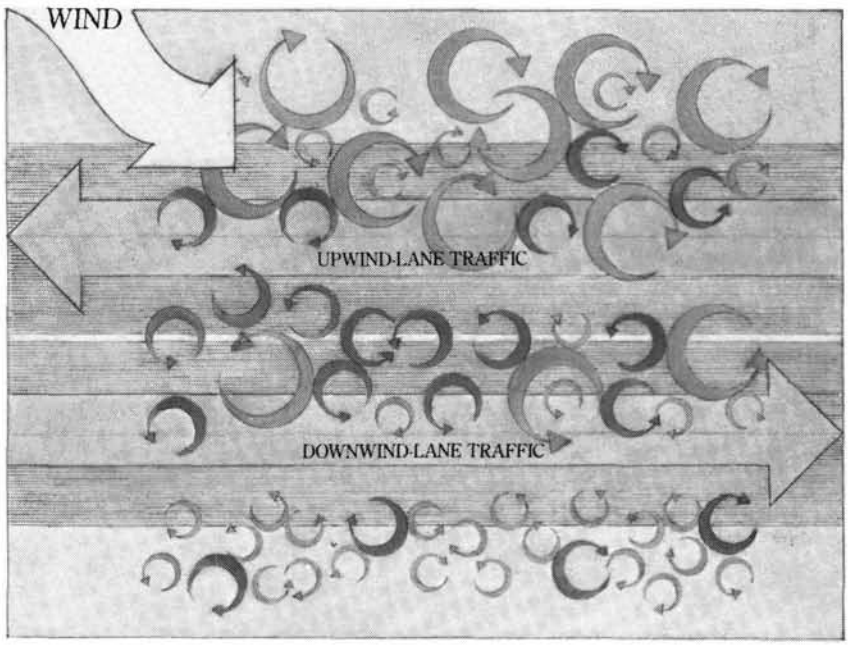
$$\frac{\partial C}{\partial t} + \sum_i \frac{\partial (U_i C)}{\partial x_i} = \sum_{i,j} \frac{\partial}{\partial x_i}\left(K_{ij}\frac{\partial C}{\partial x_j}\right) + So + Si$$

Local rate of change — Advection — Diffusion — Sources — Sinks

where U_i is the mean wind velocity and K_{ij} is the eddy diffusivity tensor. This equation applies when the length scale of mixing is small compared to that of the variation of the mean concentration. Near a road, this condition is met if the averaging time for the concentration and wind velocity is much longer than the time interval of vehicular passage. For a straight roadway, a long averaging time allows one to assume spatial uniformity in the direction parallel to the road, and to ignore the spatial derivatives in that direction.

The input information for K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components near a roadway became available as a result of a large-scale experiment conducted by the General Motors Research Laboratories. The experiment has provided an understanding of the influence of moving vehicles on mechanical turbulence and buoyancy near a roadway. Dr. David Chock was responsible for the design of the experiment and the analysis of the data. The experiment, which duplicated a heavily traveled, level roadway, was conducted under meterological conditions minimizing dispersion.

Moving vehicles affect the mean crossroad and vertical wind components in the following ways. Vehicles act as an obstacle to the mean wind, causing it to slow and move upward as it approaches the vehicles and downward as it leaves the road. In addition, vehicles release heat, which causes a net upward motion. It was established that the increase in the mean vertical wind component due to the exhaust heat was $(B/U)^{1/2}$ where U is the crossroad wind component.



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The buoyancy flux, B, is proportional to the heat emission rate of the vehicles.

Moving vehicles also enhance both turbulence intensity and mixing. To determine how this modifies the eddy diffusivity tensor, K_{ij}, Dr. Chock invoked a "second-order closure" assumption, which relates eddy diffusivity to Reynolds stresses and the gradients of mean wind velocity and mean temperature. Eddy diffusivity was assumed to be the sum of ambient and traffic contributions. To determine the traffic contribution, the length scale of the traffic-induced turbulence was assumed to be comparable to vehicle height–1.5 m.

USING THE vast data base compiled during the experiment, Dr. Chock was able to specify K_{ij} and the mean crossroad and vertical wind components, and solve the equation numerically. To test the model, half-hour measurements of a tracer gas were used to map out experimentally the exhaust dispersion under various meteorological conditions. The case where the wind speed is low and the wind direction is nearly perpendicular to the roadway is represented by the black lines in Figure 1. Both the model and the experiment show the same dispersion pattern. The peak concentration is on the downwind roadside.

When the wind is nearly parallel to the road, the situation is much more complicated. Figure 2 shows that when the wind and traffic flow on the upwind lanes oppose each other, a high shear region occurs immediately upwind of the first traffic lane. When the wind and traffic are in the same direction, the high shear region occurs in the median of the road. In these high shear regions, large eddies are generated and turbulent mixing is intense. The gray lines in Figure 1 show a comparison of the model's predictions with the tracer data for the case illustrated by Figure 2. Notice that the peak concentration can actually occur on the upwind roadside, due to the exhaust transport by these large eddies. Dr. Chock's model is the first to predict this occurrence.

Under all combinations of wind speeds and directions, the predictions based on the model compare favorably with the measured tracer concentrations. There is little systematic bias with respect to wind direction.

"In light of this new model, exhaust dispersion near a roadway can now be predicted with reliability," says Dr. Chock. "This is of importance for environmentally sound road planning, and opens the door to the investigation of dispersion on city streets, where the presence of tall structures introduces even further complexity."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. David Chock is a Senior Staff Research Scientist in the Environmental Science Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Chock received his Ph.D. in Chemical Physics from the University of Chicago. His thesis concerned the quantum mechanics of molecules and molecular crystals. As a Postdoctoral Fellow at the Free University of Brussels, he did research work on the dynamics of critical phenomena. He did additional postdoctoral work in the fields of solid-state physics and fluid dynamics.

Dr. Chock joined the corporation in 1972. He is leader of the GM atmospheric modeling group. His current research interests include the phenomena of atmospheric transport and reactions, and the statistical study of time-series data.

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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CORRESPONDENCE

CAMBODIAN HORRORS

To the editors:
In "The Killing of Cambodia" (TNR, November 15), David Hawks writes that "the destruction wrought by Pol Pot . . . has received scant attention." Among the vast outpouring of materials on this subject are: *Murder in a Gentle Land* by John Barron and Anthony Paul, which reached tens of millions via *Reader's Digest* serialization and was prominently reviewed in *TV Guide* (circulation 19 million); essays by Jean Lacouture and William Shawcross in *The New York Review of Books*; *The New York Times* reports by Henry Kamm and Sydney Schanberg, for which the latter received a Pulitzer Prize; editorials in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Christian Science Monitor*; columns by Anthony Lewis and Jack Anderson; cover stories in *Newsweek*, *Time*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The New York Times Magazine*; and statements by Senator George McGovern and Representative Steven Solarz proposing humanitarian military intervention in Cambodia.

There was, from the first, widespread attention in the U.S. and abroad to reports of Khmer Rouge atrocities and no inclination whatever in mainstream scholarship or media to disbelieve or minimize them. This contrasts sharply with the general nonreaction to reports of atrocities within the American sphere of influence—for example, in Guatemala, Paraguay, or East Timor—where sustained attention and protest might actually have prevented further suffering.

GEORGE SCIALABBA
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:
David Hawk's chilling Cambodian skulls cover made me put off reading TNR for four days. I knew his report would haunt and disrupt the mundane routines of my own survival. Now that it has, one line of it in particular demands comment. It is Hawk's observation of what will come from scholarly access to Khmer Rouge documents: "Eventually translations and analyses may afford at least a glimpse into the pathology of the Khmer Rouge."

Pathology? That one statement ascribes the sensibility of medical science as well as the sentimentality of "psychobabble" to my post-World War II generation's most horrifying view of premeditated mass murder. There is no Hinckley defense for political torture and genocide; there should be nothing so dignified as a "pathology of the Khmer Rouge."

JAMES S. OPPENHEIM
Silver Spring, Maryland

MINORITY REPORT CARD

To the editors:
TNR has been inaccurate in its recent coverage of minority persons. In "The Choice for '82" (TNR, November 8), it was reported that Toney Anaya "would be the first Hispanic governor," Raul Castro and Jerry Apodaca notwithstanding. In the same issue, we discovered that Wilson Riles was California's superintendent of public transportation, rather than education. Then, in a report on Santa Fe chic ("Santa Fe Diarist," TNR, October 18), we were startled to learn that the Archbishop had been assassinated, a report that the Most Reverend Robert Sanchez would undoubtedly find exaggerated.

MICHAEL OLIVAS
Houston, Texas

FURTHER READING

To the editors:
In your editorial note, "Facing Facts in El Salvador" (TNR, November 22), you refer to a "brilliant essay" by Octavio Paz, "Latin America and Democracy." Your readers should know that an excerpt appeared in the Fall 1982 issue of *Dissent*, and the full text in *Democracy and Dictatorship in Latin America*, published by the Foundation for the Independent Study of Social Ideas (521 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10017).

EMANUEL GELTMAN
Dissent
New York, New York

BASEBALL REFORMS

To the editors:
If Eugene J. McCarthy is preparing a campaign for high office again, this time commissioner of baseball, his article "Baseball, Boingball" (TNR, November 22) would make an excellent platform to run on. No one can accuse him this time of being a single-issue candidate!

He left out one contemporary development that threatens "the integrity of the game and the validity of its statistics." It is the designated-hitter rule adopted by the American League. The pitcher, ordinarily the weakest hitter in the lineup, does not have to bat, and a full-time hitter is designated to bat in his place. As a result, managers are not faced with the choice of sending the pitcher up to bat in his turn, or removing him from the game by sending up a pinch-hitter.

The National League champion, coming from a league that has rejected the designated-hitter option, has beaten the American League champion in the past four consecutive World Series, and has won every All-Star game since 1972.

JEFFREY KUTLER
Brooklyn, New York

REVIEWER'S RIGHTS

To the editors:
In the October 25 issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC I reviewed two books, one of which was *God's Bullies* by Perry Deane Young. The opening sentence of my review, or part of the sentence, aroused some complaints. That portion of the sentence reads, "Perry Deane Young, a thoughtful and witty writer who also happens to be a queer (I use that word in retaliation for his using that barbarous word 'gay'), tells us . . ." et cetera.

In the November 15 issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, three letters appeared on the "Correspondence" page, getting after me for using the word "queer." That's O.K. with me; this isn't the first time I've written a controversial book review, and I've always enjoyed the exchange of brickbats that followed. What isn't O.K. with me, however, is the "editors' reply" that followed those three letters. The reply was this: "We apologize to our readers."

I want to tell your readers exactly how that review was processed by NEW REPUBLIC editors. I also want them to know the traditional relationship between reviewers and editors, so they will know how to judge that "editors' reply."

When a book review is sent to the magazine that solicited it, the editors are obliged to read it with the best interests of both the magazine and the reviewer in mind. If they think the review contains material that is inaccurate, or misleading, or in questionable taste, or if they feel that the review does not properly catch the flavor of the book, or do it justice, it is their duty to ask for changes, or to make changes themselves (though almost always after consulting the reviewer), or

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

FOUNDED 1914 — ISSUE 3,544

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FROM WASHINGTON

Economic Follies

Herbert Hoover signed the Smoot-Hawley tariff with six gold pens on June 17, 1930. Few acts of economic folly equal it. The world was poised on the economic brink (much as it is today). Hoover didn't want the bill, but he had made campaign promises. A group of 1,028 economists led by Paul Douglas warned him. The act put the highest tariff wall in history around America, and within two years twenty-five countries retaliated. They spread economic collapse.

And today? The emergency eighty-eight-nation meeting of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade at Geneva last week, attended by our Trade Representative William Brock, was a flop. It strove to head off the world's current protectionist drive. All it got was a diluted pledge to "resist" protectionist measures. It was probably worse than no meeting at all. Our supposed allies, the European Community countries, plan to spend some $5.8 billion on farm export subsidies this year. Back home, Congress will debate and possibly pass the "domestic content" bill urged by organized labor to restrict imported cars and other foreign goods. Reagan will presumably veto it if passed, but the drive shows what's happening. There's been nothing like this in many years.

How safe those old days look now. Economist Alvin Hansen told Congress in 1945, "American producers with their mass production techniques can undersell any competitor in automobiles, radios, typewriters, etc." Ha! In the 1970s American manufacturers missed the market. The rest of the world was buying small cars and preparing for gasoline price boosts, but not Detroit: Chrysler and American and General Motors were certain the silly fashion wouldn't reach the United States. I am surprised they haven't been denounced more. In the 1930s corporate prestige was irretrievably damaged; the corporations that ruled Washington and Wall Street lost their hold when they didn't foresee the 1929 crash; their ignominy was one of the things that sustained the New Deal. Nobody seems to want to blame poor old Detroit today.

Former Florida Democratic governor Reubin Askew, who preceded Bill Brock as U.S. Trade Representative and is of Presidential caliber, summarized the situation in a speech last month. America is still the strongest, most productive economic power in the world, he says. But the situation has changed enormously in recent years. We're no longer self-sufficient. A fifth of our industrial output is exported. One out of six manufacturing jobs in America depends on exports. Almost a third of all the corporation profits of American firms derives from foreign investments and foreign trade.

It's appropriate for the Administration to look on the bright side of things: that's its job. But Reagan promised to balance the budget by 1984; instead there's a record-shattering trade deficit of some $45 billion ahead (more imports than exports), and 30 percent of the country's industrial capacity is idle. Farm income is down; some two hundred banks have failed so far this year, and unemployment (10.4 percent) is the highest it's been since 1941. The deficit should be around $150 billion.

It's no fun going over gloomy figures. But it's important to know how we stand. When the United Auto Workers demand restrictions on foreign imports, they should know (and do) that screams for anti-American restrictions are going up simultaneously all over the world. It's a grim prospect any way you look at it. Maybe we have more self-discipline than we did in Hoover's day, but the temptation to cop-out with another Smoot-Hawley is strong.

We probably aren't going back to the old days, even when the present global recession has passed; America will be preeminent again in many things, but, in an awesome new robot-service economy they may be different things. The world crisis is as much political as economic, and isn't just confined to America either. There are 30 million people presently

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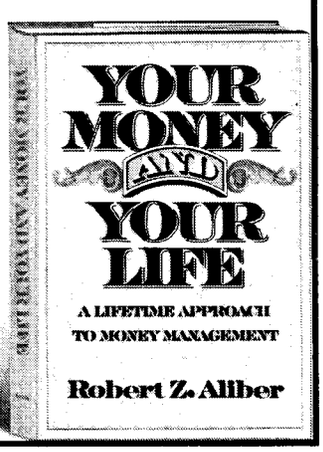

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 20, 1982

IN DEFENSE OF DETERRENCE

The ground is not steady beneath the nuclear forces of the United States. The problem is not modes of basing but modes of thinking. The traditional strategy for our nuclear arsenal is shaken by a war of ideas about its purpose, perhaps the most decisive war of ideas in its history. The purpose of the arsenal, at least until now, has been deterrence. The classic formulation was by Bernard Brodie, who wrote in 1946, "Thus far the chief purpose of our military establishment has been to win wars. From now on its chief purpose must be to avert them." Military planners and military intellectuals have been glossing Brodie's dictum ever since. Now things seem to be changing. Deterrence is everywhere besieged. In the Pentagon it is challenged by concepts of nuclear use. In the peace movement it is challenged by perfectibilian schemes for disarmament. The days may be gone when arguing for deterrence was like arguing for motherhood. Its merits are no longer obvious. Consider only the nuclear debate of recent weeks—the influential interventions of President Reagan's speech of November 22 and of *The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response*, the pastoral letter on war and peace of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

"What do we mean when we speak of nuclear deterrence?" the President asked. Not "excessive forces," he replied, "or what some people have called 'overkill.' " The natural complement of deterrence, moreover, is arms control. They are, he said, "parallel paths . . . the only paths that offer any real hope for an enduring peace." And deterrence, he explained, is a policy of defense: "The United States will never use its forces except in response to attack." Sufficiency, not superiority, in the quantity of nuclear weapons; negotiations to control and reduce them; the renunciation of any intention to employ them except in retaliation, exactly as the theory of deterrence mandates—this is the sweet voice of reason. Then the President turned the page.

"While the policy of deterrence has stood the test of time," the equivocation began, "the things we must do in order to maintain deterrence have changed." There followed his now famous charts, the first national security video game: blue for the United States (the President's thesis was that the United States has reason to be blue), and red for the Soviet Union (color-coordinated, again); and the chaste white background stood silently for the chaste planet earth, which the lethal lines on the graph are disfiguring. The charts showed, with a very selective marshaling of evidence, that the Russians are ahead. "In virtually every measure of military power the Soviet Union enjoys a decided advantage." The conclusion drawn from this demonstration was what the President called "modernization," and "modernization" meant the MX.

The MX is a missile that is seventy feet long, weighs ninety-six tons, and carries ten warheads, each of which may have an explosive "yield" of more than thirty times that of the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. Each of these warheads may be independently targeted; they are already accurate enough to hit very "hard" and very small targets, such as missile silos, with only a small "delivery error," and the experts are confident that during the next decade the "error" will be virtually

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abolished. The Reagan Administration wants to develop and deploy one hundred of these things. (There is some good news here: the Carter Administration had set its heart on two hundred. Of course Congress would not hear of such grandiosity; still, it is heartening to see Ronald Reagan lower a number.) They will be deployed in a manner known as "dense pack." That is, all one hundred will be planted in a single field near Cheyenne, Wyoming, and will be defended from Soviet missiles by the Soviet missiles themselves, which will create a nuclear hurricane that will knock them off course. This is the effect known, anthromorphically, as "fratricide."

In brief, this is the plan for the new missile, which will be called "Peacekeeper." (We defer, on this, to Johnny Carson, who said, "Soon they'll rename napalm 'Crazy Foam.' ") The President's justification for the program was the famous "window of vulnerability," the exposed condition of the United States's land-based missile force. The problem of ICBM vulnerability—the President is correct that it exists—is also the problem of ICBM survivability: the United States must be certain that enough of its ICBMs will survive a Soviet strike to strike back. It is the capacity for a second strike that we are trying to secure—the capacity, in other words, to fulfill the requirements of deterrence. So goes the President's explanation. But a trick is being played on the American people.

The problem of ICBM vulnerability has nothing to do with the kind of ICBM that is vulnerable. What determines the safety of these missiles is the manner of their basing. The MX would be exactly as unsafe as the Minuteman in the dispersed silos, and the Minuteman would be exactly as safe as the MX in the dense pack. Assuming, of course, that the dense pack works. We have already expressed our doubts about this ("Window Pain," TNR, October 18), though we can't be sure that it won't work, and neither can the Russians. We can be sure, however, that "dense pack" will not work for very long. The Soviets can immobilize our entire MX force with what is called a "pindown"—exploding a sufficient volume of warheads at an appropriate altitude above the "dense pack," thus making it impossible for the marvelous MX to get through. "Pindown" is mentioned nowhere in the White House's background statements on the subject, unless that is what it means by "Soviet countermeasures" that are "no more than technical dreams." But "pindown" is no dream. It is true that the Russians do not yet possess the precise megatonnage to pin us down, but even the Air Force general in charge of MX admits that it will "drive [them] to development of new warheads larger in yield." According to Henry Jackson, the honest hawk, the Russians could have such warheads in four years. Up, then, goes the window. (Enter ABM, stage right.)

Mr. Reagan's analysis of our strategic situation epitomizes the mixture of patriotism and panic that may be found also in the present Pentagon. But neither the President nor the Pentagon has provided the answer to a rather simple question: if the Russians can destroy our entire land-based missile force, why don't they? The answer is that they probably can't, because unless they did away with all our missiles, they would be punished for the attempt by those that remained; and that even if they could, they won't, because we have missiles at sea and in the air which would avenge our ICBMs by destroying Soviet forces or Soviet society or both. The deterrence scenario, after all, always envisaged something like the SS-18s—that is, it envisaged a Russian first strike. The sincerity of that scenario is now being tested. Did we mean what we said about desiring only to deter? If we did, we are still just as safe. If it is really a second strike for which we wish to prepare, we are prepared. The vulnerability of land-based missiles is not the same thing as the vulnerability of the United States. It is, however, a permanent fact of life; and it endangers the Russians more than it does the United States, because three quarters of their Strategic Rocket Forces are land-based. Our ICBMs are vulnerable; we are not. Indeed, as Lawrence Freedman has written, "the fact that ICBM vulnerability provided the greatest cause for concern [in the early 1980s] could be taken as a symptom of the underlying stability of the strategic balance."

THE MX, in other words, is not invulnerable. Nor is it necessary for the purpose of a second strike; there exists the unjustly vilified Minuteman III for that. (This weapon is not exactly a slingshot, as recent Administrations would have us believe. Some of the Minuteman IIIs are even good against Soviet missile silos; they are, that is to say, counterforce weapons, which is their dirty little secret.) From the point of view of deterrence, then, the MX is not justified. It is justified only from the point of view of counterforce. The MX is an improvement upon the Minuteman only if you have offense in mind. When the President declared that we will never strike first, and then went on to introduce the MX, he was deceiving the public, because the MX is supremely a first-strike weapon. The adoption of the MX by the American government represents not only the perfection of a technology but the transformation of a strategy.

Does the United States need a first-strike weapon? The Pentagon says yes, because the Russians have one. James Schlesinger, when he was Secretary of Defense, used to call this "essential equivalence." But, once again, if the Russians will fire their SS-18s at our ICBMs, they will pay with a big part of Russia. Only if we wish to fire *our* ICBMs at *their* SS-18s—that is, only if we wish to start a nuclear war—do we need the MX. Our planners appear to believe that there are circumstances in which it would be in our interest to start a nuclear war. These conditions are usually referred to as "grave crises," in which, according to one specialist, "resorting to intercontinental nuclear attack would likely be the result of a conviction that a nuclear exchange had become inevitable, and that some advantage would obtain from going first." What the advantage might be is unclear. If

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we go first, they will go second. Who cares who goes third? Such brinksmanlike behavior, moreover, might also occur to the Russians. Indeed, once we have the MX, it will almost certainly occur to them. "Peacekeeper" is the best reason for preemption the Russians will ever have.

Militarily, then, the MX is a mockery of deterrence, and makes the world a more dangerous place. Other justifications, however, are given for it. The fear of a Soviet breakthrough in antisubmarine warfare, for example. It is argued that conceding the vulnerability of our land-based missile force to the Russians will enable them to concentrate all their resources upon research and development at sea. This is not terribly persuasive. The Soviet disadvantage at sea is staggering, and it will be many, many years before they catch up. The United States, moreover, is not exactly devoid of the power to make the Russians fear for their own ICBMs. Their SS-17s, SS-18s, and SS-19s add up to about 820 counterforce targets, and three hundred of our Minuteman IIIs are outfitted with three warheads each, which adds up to nine hundred counterforce weapons. Not a perfect counterforce capacity, to be sure (military planners commonly allocate two warheads for each target); but not so imperfect that the Russians can sleep soundly.

The only argument for the MX that makes any sense is the argument from arms control—such is the perversity of the nuclear world. There may be a tactical value in proposing it, and in beginning to build it. The MX will be the Soviets' only incentive to reduce, limit, or dismantle their SS-18s, and it is the most urgent task of the United States in strategic arms talks to act upon the SS-18s. This makes the MX missiles the most expensive bargaining chips in history—about $300 million a chip. (The MX is the perfect counterbudget weapon.) This is also expecting the Russians to cut into the best and largest part of their forces, which may be expecting too much. Still, if they are persuaded of the American intention to become a first-strike superpower, they may make a deal. If they do, the sums spent in researching and developing the MX will have been a sound investment in ridding the world of these disgusting devices. We believe that the President is sincere when he maintains that he needs to take the MX to Geneva. *Si vis pacem, para bellum,* the old Roman adage sternly warns. If you want peace, prepare for war. But we have our doubts, however, that the planners in the Pentagon who invented and peddled this missile did so for the sake of arms control. They want us to have the MX, and maybe to use it. They think that it improves our political and military position. If you want war, prepare for war. So it is a gamble. If we win, a dimension of danger will disappear. If we lose, we will live forever by our nerves.

When the National Conference of Catholic Bishops convened in Washington recently, it was addressed by its president, Archbishop John R. Roach of St. Paul and Minneapolis. "The Catholic bishops of the United States," the Archbishop began, "are conservative in doctrine and liberal in politics." He argued that they are nevertheless quite consistent. Consider, he said, two of the issues that exercise them, "abortion and the Bomb." "Concern for human life is the nexus between our positions on these two large issues. . . . We are also attempting to evaluate defense policies to determine whether their acceptance involves us as a nation in a moral stance which is pro-life or anti-life." There it is. To be against deterrence is to be pro-life. Maybe the Archbishop has a point. To be for deterrence is to be pro-choice.

The bishops came to Washington to consider a new draft of a pastoral letter on national security policy that

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SOVIET GENERAL STAFF
WE KNOW THE AMERICANS ARE WAY AHEAD IN SEA-BASED MISSILES, WAY AHEAD IN BOMBERS, WAY AHEAD IN TOTAL WARHEADS, WAY AHEAD IN TECHNOLOGY -- BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT...
...AND WHY DISILLUSION A FAN WHO BELIEVES IN US SO MUCH?
SOVIETS No. 1
SOVIETS ARE No. 1!
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has been circulating among them since the summer. The letter is long, mostly serious, here lucid, there loopy. Its arguments are occasionally marred by modishness, as when it speaks of Jesus's "nonviolent lifestyle." It purports to embody a "theology of peace," and when it departs from the strict moral and philosophical consideration of the nuclear question, the "theology of peace" looks a little like an Americanization of the "liberation theology" of the last decade. It dwells at length, for example, on "the economics of disarmament." The arms race is "an act of aggression against the poor," "a massive distortion of resources in the face of crying human need." The authors of the document are intrigued, on the other hand, by "the possibilities of conversion of defense industries to other purposes." This evangelical zeal for conversion, of course, is not the bishops' only; the social and economic argument against defense spending is familiar enough. We appreciate its force. It is sad to spend so much on war, in a time of peace, and in a time of hardship. But we do not agree that the first criterion of defense spending is social or economic. It is military. If a weapon is shown to be necessary, it must be built. If it is not, however, then building it is indeed a social and economic crime.

THE THESIS of the pastoral letter is the moral deficiency of deterrence. "Nuclear Deterrence is Idolatry," thundered Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen, who is a unilateralist. The pastoral letter is not unilateralist, though it speaks sympathetically of pacifism. It grounds its criticism of deterrence, rather, in another "moral choice for the kingdom," which it refers to as "the just war position." The standards for a just war—that is, of a war whose means are justified as well as its ends—are "discrimination," which "prohibits all actions directly intending to take the lives of civilians and noncombatants," and "proportionality," which constitutes an instant indictment of all nuclear use because of all the deaths that must ensue. On the basis of these standards the pastoral letter concludes: "1. Under no circumstances may nuclear weapons or other instances of mass slaughter be used for the purpose of destroying population centers or other predominantly civilian targets. . . . 2. We do not perceive any situation in which the deliberate initiation of nuclear warfare, on however restricted a scale, can be morally justified. Nonnuclear attacks by another state must be resisted by other than nuclear means." No first use, in other words, though thirty pages later the bishops make the rather puzzling remark that they do not want to "make the world safe for conventional war," either. (That was exactly Alexander Haig's response to the idea of no first use.)

The bishops are admirable in the firmness with which they condemn all manner of nuclear war-fighting: "There should be a clear public resistance to the rhetoric of 'winnable' nuclear wars, 'surviving' nuclear exchanges, and strategies of 'protracted nuclear war.' " No doubt this refers to the conceptions of Caspar Weinberger's "Defense Guidance," America's plan for the waging of a nuclear war, which was leaked to *The New York Times* last spring. We share the clerics' horror of this plan. But they don't stop there. They proceed to the very structure of deterrence. Their objective is to discredit the second strike. "Retaliatory action which would take many wholly innocent lives . . . must also be condemned. Our condemnation applies to the retaliatory use of weapons striking cities after our own have already been struck." And not only is the second strike immoral, so too is the threat of the second strike. As Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia put it in his testimony on behalf of SALT II in 1979 (which was a significant development in the politicization of the Catholic clergy): "Not only the *use* of strategic nuclear weapons, but also the *declared intent* to use them involved in our deterrence policy, are both wrong."

It is hard to see what is precisely Catholic about these objections, what is their relation to Augustine or Aquinas. Indeed, these objections against the morality of deterrence are made so often that they are banal. The nuclear debate of recent years has consisted in large measure in objecting to deterrence. George Kennan, E.P. Thompson, and Jonathan Schell have all written at length on its ethical inadmissability. So, too, have Fred Iklé, at present Undersecretary of Defense, and other prominent nuclear war-fighters; the attempt to limit the indiscriminate effects of nuclear weapons, and thereby make them usable, is defended as an attempt to make nuclear weapons more moral. (Secretary of the Navy John Lehman made this point in a reply to the bishops in *The Wall Street Journal*.) The pastoral letter, in other words, does not exist in an intellectual vacuum. It exists, rather, in an intellectual climate in which deterrence is frequently degraded.

WHAT WOULD the bishops put in its place? They are for the freeze, but deterrence will still be the purpose of the arsenals that are frozen. They are for what they call "first steps," that is, "some independent initiatives, beyond those already taken, to reduce some of the gravest dangers and to encourage a constructive Soviet response"; the idea is vague, and maybe good, but deterrence will be necessary after the "first steps" have been made. And they are for arms control. But there is no scheme for arms control presently under public discussion, from Ronald Reagan's to George Kennan's, that will not need deterrence for what remains. Nobody is going to zero; going to zero, in fact, may be our age's refinement of the vision of Isaiah.

After all the attacks on deterrence have been made, after its wickedness has been expounded upon for millions of Catholics (and for the entire nation, for it is "the nation's soul" to which the bishops wish to minister), after the controlling notion of our entire system of national security has been raked over by the highest ecclesiastical authorities, the bishops have an after-

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thought. It is that deterrence is the best thing we have. Citing John Paul II, they concede that all their objections apply only to deterrence as "an end in itself"; it is "morally acceptable," however, if it is pursued in conjunction with arms control. ("Parallel paths," as President Reagan put it.) But who is for "deterrence in itself," and what does it mean? Of course deterrence and arms control must go together. The bishops' final word on the matter is this: "As clearly unsatisfactory as the deterrent posture is from a moral point of view, use of nuclear weapons by any of the nuclear powers would be an even greater evil."

We agree, but we are troubled. The pastoral letter on war and peace presses most heavily upon deterrence. Its consequence will be the slackening of the only responsible attitude toward nuclear weapons that has so far been conceived. This is, of course, a political objection to the bishops' document, but they cannot have it both ways. They stand upon their right to come into politics, but they cannot, when confronted with the real political effects of their efforts, plead intellectual purity. Weaken deterrence and you strengthen unilateralism, or nuclear war-fighting. In the present situation, then, there are few greater sins against sanity than the weakening of deterrence. Like the President, the bishops have sinned.

Notebook

□ THE P.L.O.'S CENTRAL COUNCIL met in Damascus and finally gave its answer to the Reagan plan. The answer is no. Those in the West who sympathize with the P.L.O. fervently wished it would give a hint of a willingness to recognize Israel. They were disappointed, again. We are neither disappointed nor surprised. As Henry Kissinger has recently pointed out, "in negotiations between Israel and the Arabs, the question of recognition plays a disproportionate and unprecedented role. In all other negotiations mutual recognition is assumed at the outset. I know no other negotiation in which a country is asked to accept recognition of its existence as the principal quid pro quo." And recognition, he points out, "is not, when all is said, much of a concession for the P.L.O. to make. Many recognized states nevertheless wound up being destroyed even in our own time."

□ 'OPTION PAPERS' don't tell very much about policy, but they do tell a lot about the mentality of the people who make policy. On Thanksgiving Day, the mentality of the President's economic policymakers was unmasked in an "option paper" presented to him about unemployment. Among the options was a tax on unemployment benefits. Of course there is a kind of grotesque logic to this. The Administration is desperate about its deficit. It must put a tax on something. Why not, therefore, put a tax on what it produces in greatest quantity—unemployment? The avowed aim of the "option" was to make unemployment "less attractive," spoke White House spokesman Larry Speakes. This is of a piece with the Reaganomical concept of "incentives": to make the rich work, provide money; to make the poor work, take it away. "We do know," said Edwin Meese, "that generally when unemployment benefits end, most people find jobs very quickly. . . ." Not anymore, Mr. Meese. More than half of the nearly twelve million people out of work collect no benefits. They are flat broke. They do not believe that unemployment is "attractive." They believe that it is terrible. It damages their souls and leaves their families destitute. And now the Administration adds its insult to its injury.

□ THE EXTENT OF HOLLYWOOD'S interference with life was recently suggested by the alacrity with which the studios made themelves available to John DeLorean. And now Elizabeth Taylor, for decades Hollywood's ambassadress to the world, and perhaps its most consummate creation, nakedly expresses the industry's most profound feeling about a human life—in a word, that it is a property. She is suing ABC to prevent it from making a "docu-drama" about her. "Miss Taylor's first contention," according to *The New York Times*, "is that her life story is a commercial property which she alone has the right to exploit." Or, as she herself put it, "I am my own commodity." That must be one of the most alienated sentences ever uttered by man or woman. It is a kind of epitaph, and not only her own. And it suggests a more precise term for the condition of self-absorption in which movie stars are frequently found; it is not vanity, it is commodity fetishism.

□ FORTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "In *Casablanca*, Humphrey Bogart's humanitarian killer, who was disillusioned apparently at his mother's breast, has to say some silly things and to play God too often to be as believably tough as he was in his last eight pictures. Yet the people in Hollywood don't project their hokum without reason. They know very well the pleasure one gets from seeing Ingrid Bergman, so noble and utterly clear, Mr. Bogart's mouth, which seems to be holding back a mouthful of blood, the contrast in villains of Veidt, Greenstreet and Lorre. If, as this is, it is from Warner's, it is full of political intelligence. In addition there is an album of jazz classics, with a Negro (Dooley Wilson) singing them. Finally, there is one good sequence where intuitive feelings prevailed over script writers' unconcern and Director Cruze's incapable scissors—the scene in which the fighting Frenchmen drown out the Germans' 'Horst Wessel' by singing their 'Marseillaise.' *Casablanca* is as ineffectual as a *Collier's* short story, but with one thing and another—like Bergman, Veidt and Humphrey Bogart—it is a pleasure of sorts." (Movie review, by Manny Farber, December 14, 1942.)

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It's time for the test's reign to end.

S.A.T.s Aren't So Smart

High school students aren't the only ones who nervously await their S.A.T. scores. Their parents are also anxious to find out the magic numbers, to confirm hopes or fears for their young scholar's future. This year the press too expressed unusual excitement when the scores were reported. It was big news that the national average had risen for the first time in eighteen years—by two points in verbal skills, to 426, and one point in math, to 467 (on a scale that ranges from 200 to 800). The press wasn't interested in the numbers for what they might predict about future college choices and careers, the way parents and kids are. Instead, editors weighed in with views on what the figures revealed about the present state of high school education. "The rise in test scores," *The Washington Post* wrote, "is . . . a reliable sign that young Americans are learning more of what they need to know to be productive citizens." *The New York Times* agreed: "The public schools are clearly paying more attention to teaching skills, discipline and quality control." Further good S.A.T. news—that the 100-point gap between black and white students' scores had narrowed—gave the *Post* another opportunity to effuse:

> This year's good news can be attributed to important recent changes in the country's approach to secondary education. There has been a marked return to required courses in place of electives, a reaffirmation of the value of science courses and a renewal of mandatory foreign language teaching in these grades. The folly of laissez-faire grammar and reliance on oral rather than written reports has been exposed. All our children are being better prepared to take these tests and go on to college.

That is certainly a lot to read into an ever so slight rise in S.A.T. scores—especially since those scores first acquired their unique status precisely because they were *not* supposed to reflect past achievement but instead to predict future academic performance. (It's the aptitude test's less prominent partner, the achievement test, that is expected to measure high school accomplishments in specific subjects—fourteen of them, ranging from American history to Latin.) Clearly, the editors' claims about dramatically improved conditions in our schools, especially in the black and poorer ones, are mostly wishful thinking. But their assumption that the S.A.T. is in fact yet another exam that reflects the quality of the schools students happen to attend, rather than a transcendent test that measures some ambiguous "aptitude" they possess, is both realistic and constructive. It doesn't imply that the scores are meaningless in themselves and only serve to perpetuate social inequalities—as does the more familiar charge that the test is culturally and racially biased. Instead, the assumption suggests that the scores—which declined in the 1960s when less advantaged, mostly minority students joined the pool of S.A.T. takers in greater numbers, and which continued to decline until this year's creep upward—can tell us something helpful, and perhaps hopeful. They don't prove that those test-takers are irremediably inferior academically; rather the numbers suggest that the public schools they attend have been persistently worse than average—a fact to be addressed, not accepted.

Hopeful or not, the assumption that the S.A.T. and achievement tests are similar would have been vehemently denied in 1926, when the aptitude exam was introduced in an effort to give ill-educated but bright students a fairer chance in college admissions. And six decades later, the Educational Testing Service (which now produces the college extrance exams) and the College Board (which administers them) still defend the S.A.T.'s unique status, although no longer in quite such clear-cut terms. Where the exam used to be credited with assessing stable intellectual qualities relatively unaffected by school experience, the test booklet now takes care to say that the S.A.T. "is not a test of some inborn and unchanging capacity." As Rex Jackson of E.T.S. explains, the test "measures intellectual skills learned through both formal and informal educational experience—skills that are exercised and further developed through application to school work in a variety of academic subjects and through experience outside of school." The test makers continue to insist, however, that the S.A.T. has distinctive value. Specifically, E.T.S. maintains that it is a better predictor of academic performance than achievement exams (although only in conjunction with high school grades, not independently), and that it is less closely linked to "a particular course of study" (although it is tied to "educational experience").

Claims as hedged as these are too subtle to be appreciated by newspapers' editorial writers, who go right ahead and attribute the recent rise in S.A.T. scores to specific curricular changes. And E.T.S.'s two assertions may in fact be even more tenuous than they sound. According to the statistics and analysis in Christopher Jencks and James Crouse's article in the spring 1982 issue of *The Public Interest*, the S.A.T. is not more reliable than achievement tests in predicting college success. (Others have been skeptical about the S.A.T.'s forecasting validity, even on its own merits; ever since the College Board claimed the S.A.T. "increased predictive efficiency by 40 to 50 percent" and a Nader report countered with a 3 to 5 percent figure, the numbers have seemed suspect.) Nor is the S.A.T. more independent of prior schooling, the authors maintain. "There is as much school-to-school variation in vocabulary, reading comprehension and arithmetical reasoning scores [that is, in aptitude scores]," they've found, "as in scores on conventional secondary school achievement tests."

So much, it appears, for the S.A.T.'s special status. But the debunking suggests certain lessons. Why not, Jencks and Crouse propose, replace the aptitude test with achievement exams? (In contrast to prospective college

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TEST-PREP PANIC

The S.A.T. used to be a student's worst ordeal with standardized testing. No longer. Increased competition for placement in professional schools has magnified the importance of a whole battery of standardized exams: LSATs, MCATs, GMATs, GREs, and about a dozen others covering admissions to everything from law to veterinary graduate programs. Mature men and women attach the same significance to their LSAT scores as high school grade-grubbers attach to their marks. And they're rarely ashamed to admit spending big bucks in the search for higher scores.

Test anxiety has spawned a whole new industry. Of the more than 350,000 who take the LSATs, MCATs, and GMATs every year as a requirement for admission to law, medical, and business schools, about a third are taking commercial coaching and cram courses at $50 to $400 a shot. Stanley Kaplan Educational Centers, the test-prep front-runner with more than half the market, has tripled its business over the last three years, and others have emerged to meet a blossoming demand. Kaplan has become a household name on college campuses across the country, far more famous than the presidents of our more august academic institutions.

A decade ago, most test-takers weren't even aware of the prep courses. Kaplan, who got his start in the late 1930s as a private tutor for the S.A.T., had fewer than twenty branches nationwide in 1970; today he has more than 110. Prep courses used to be about as popular as classes in remedial reading. Now they're completely respectable. "Everybody sort of brags about them," one recent Radcliffe graduate concludes. "It's sort of a status thing." A stampede effect has set in. Even those whose test anxiety might be outweighed by more substantive qualifications—good college grades and good scores on previous standardized tests—are paying the pipers. "We used to get bright students coming to us asking, 'Should I take a course?' " says Dorothy Clark, a pre-law consultant at the University of Maryland. "Now it's a matter of telling them which one."

Test-takers claim, of course, that they are going to coaching outfits to improve their scores on what they consider to be all-important exams. It's not clear that their confidence is well founded. A 1979 Federal Trade Commission report, which concluded that those coached for the S.A.T. scored twenty to thirty points higher than their fellow test-takers, "opened the floodgates for us," says Kaplan. But the study was not based on a randomly chosen control group (those who take prep courses are more likely to come from higher income backgrounds and should perform better on the tests regardless of preparation), and data for the LSAT was too marginal to reach a similar conclusion. In any case, the incremental gains that grad school applicants might expect from a Kaplan course are unlikely to make the difference between acceptance and rejection. Although competition for placement in professional schools is intense, and test scores do play an important role in the admissions process, the small differences don't mean nearly as much as students think they do. The LSAT, perhaps the most heavily weighted standardized test, is now scored on a scale of 10 to 50 to help minimize minor score differentials. Business school admission officers have always placed more emphasis on interviews and work experience than on numbers. Medical schools use the MCATs primarily as a grade validator. Nonetheless, Stanley Kaplan alone prepares 40 percent of MCAT takers. As Bob Jones of the Association of American Medical Colleges observes, "The perception among students never matches the reality—that's why they're so worried about the tests."

The anxiety isn't entirely self-induced. The testing establishment—the Educational Testing Service, its affiliates, and college pre-professional advisers—is hardly discouraging students from resorting to the coaching gurus. Concerned about the large profits of the commercial services (Kaplan alone grossed $22 million in 1981) and about the problem of equal access, they are trying to come up with their own competitive alternatives to the test-prep outfits. Eager to placate criticism, the test-givers now offer extensive compilations of sample test material available at minimal cost; at least one, the Law School Admissions Council, has considered developing a videotape series. Countless colleges and universities provide their undergraduates with test aids, if only a sample test administered under simulated conditions. But the funding for sophisticated review courses just isn't available, and the commercial operations aren't worried about their new competitors. "We welcome them to try," says Stanley Chess, director of Bar-Bri Professional Testing Centers, "but we think the profit motive will keep us one step ahead."

Characterizing his outfit as a poor man's private school, and cringing at the mention of "business," Stanley Kaplan states firmly, "We may improve test scores, but in the process we also hone a student's skills. It's an education like any other." The skills, however, are good for only one thing: taking standardized tests. And although students may come across mention of Dante or Aristotle among Kaplan's sample questions, they are taking his courses for only one reason, and it has nothing to do with the traditional motivations for learning. They are thinking only of numbers, money, and success. "Sensing shrinking economic opportunities, they desperately clutch at every rung, wanting to 'make it,' " laments Barbara Lerner, who writes frequently about standardized testing. "But their efforts are essentially misdirected: instead of fretting so over test scores, they should be more worried about their level of real competence." And if test-takers can't contain their exam anxiety, they'd no doubt exercise their own brains more and save money by trying thick volumes with titles like *Barron's MCAT Guide* and *Inside Strategies to the LSAT*, all priced at under $10 and available in every college bookstore. Coupled with a little self-discipline—to be expected of our future lawyers, doctors, and corporate executives—these should provide more than enough in the way of preparatory material. "If a student is willing to work himself a bit," said one university pre-law adviser, "it's all there practically for free."

PETER SPIRO

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students in most other industrialized nations, who all take achievement tests, only 20 percent of American applicants who take the S.A.T. also sign up for one of the College Board's achievement exams.) Since both kinds of tests seem equally mediocre at predicting future academic success and equally bad at screening out the effects of past educational (to say nothing of general socioeconomic) disadvantages, there's little to choose between them as far as colleges are concerned. But high schools, Jencks and Crouse argue, might well benefit from greater emphasis on achievement tests: college admissions exams that explicitly measure mastery of the secondary school curriculum, instead of abstract "brains," might encourage greater diligence on the part of students and more rigor on the part of schools.

IT'S PERHAPS UNREALISTIC to expect that shifting the emphasis from aptitude to achievement tests can contribute so dramatically to transforming attitudes in high schools, but there's reason to think it can help. The common objection that achievement exams, unlike aptitude tests, will merely encourage circumscribed, test-tailored curricula has rarely seemed less persuasive than now. After all, the S.A.T. itself has spawned more and more special courses: assorted cram classes in school and out, and more recently and notably, the proposal of the National Association of Secondary School Principals for a preparatory program—a series of workbooks, computer programs, and videotapes for the 1.5 million high school students who take the S.A.T. every year (see "The Prep Masters" by Peter Spiro, page 13). The claims for the intrinsic educational merits of such test-prep packages are hardly convincing: since the S.A.T. supposedly presumes no specific prior knowledge, it's only sensible for prep courses to emphasize test-taking skills rather than mastery of subject matter. Preparation for achievement exams, by contrast, takes place within the standard curriculum and is likely to require more sustained and substantive study. For example, where S.A.T. takers hurriedly memorize long lists of "S.A.T. words" —heavy on the multisyllable ones—students taking the English Composition achievement test are presumably reading books in their classes, surely a better way to build a usable vocabulary. Not only do achievement exams measure, directly or indirectly, the basic math and verbal skills the S.A.T. tests; they also assess more specialized knowledge.

There's a chance that a renewed emphasis on achievement tests might even contribute to reviving the venerable and valuable American expectation that education can advance equality of opportunity, rather than impede it. The reign of aptitude tests has regrettably only reflected inequality of conditions in our schools, and perhaps even indirectly reinforced the dismal disparities by implying they're innate and inevitable. The return of achievement exams just might help inspire higher hopes.

ANN HULBERT

A romance with 'socialist capitalism.'

HUNGARY'S APPETITES

THERE is a Hungarian joke that runs something like this: Ronald Reagan boasts to Janos Kadar, "Even the poorest American citizen earns $10,000 a year and can get by on $5,000. And they're free to spend what's left over any way they like." Kadar retorts: "The average Hungarian citizen earns $2,000 a year and can get by on $5,000. And he's free to make up the difference any way he likes."

The joke is not as critical of Kadar as it sounds. Official wages are indeed extremely low (monthly average, $147), yet Hungary does now have the most liberal economy in Eastern Europe. Thanks to an ever-increasing degree of tolerance for the forces of the market, Hungarians are allowed—by law and by official eye-winking—to indulge in a wider measure of free enterprise than any other people in the Eastern bloc. They seem to be grateful for it. It is widely accepted that Kadar, once hated as the Russians' stooge, is now the least unpopular leader east of the Iron Curtain. At least it is assumed without him things would almost certainly be worse. (And because Yuri Andropov was Soviet ambassador to Hungary in 1956, when Kadar was installed after the revolt was crushed, he too is seen as partly responsible for making the economic experiment possible.)

It is, of course, old hat that privilege and corruption mock the pretensions of Europe's Communist societies, especially that of the Soviet Union, to being genuinely egalitarian (though Kadar himself is self-effacing and puritanical). Just before the imposition of martial law I spent a day with a Polish peasant farmer near Warsaw as he set about solving humdrum problems of fuel, fertilizer, transport, marketing. Only by bribing officialdom at every step could the work be done. In Hungary there is a difference: the authorities not merely seem to turn a blind eye to it all; they actually appear to encourage it.

A doctor earning a paltry 7,000 forint or so per month (a little under $200) may well earn at least another $500 a *day* as a result of "tips" from his patients. Even the poorest worker feels obliged to donate one or two thousand forints for delivering a baby. Officially the service is free. A destitute Hungarian can get by without making a payment, but most Hungarians would expect inferior treatment if no "present" is given.

"Moonlighting" is common even in Western democracies with high levels of taxation, but nowhere, to my knowledge, has the lunar process gone as far as in Hungary. Hungarians joke that workers rest up during their official working hours so they can work harder later on. In agriculture, workers in cooperatives spend more and more of their time on their individual plots, less and less on collective tasks. Much equipment for the

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private work is inevitably "borrowed" from the collective domain. One well-known vice president of a cooperative near Lake Balaton has five thousand hens laying eggs—on his private plot.

In fact, most East European countries, including the Soviet Union, have retained a small private sector. What is unique to Communist Hungary is that the profit motive has been sanctified and private enterprise increasingly legalized and encouraged. A year ago, state-owned restaurants sold over a thousand five-year leases in Hungary by auction, so that individual restauranteurs can offer whatever food and service at whatever prices they like. In early 1982 new legislation granted much wider scope for individuals to set up private enterprises so long as they don't threaten activities in which the state may already be engaged. Private language schools, for instance, are a popular new scam that requires little investment capital. Every sort of artisan is thinking up ways to multiply personal wealth. Workers on state farms, in cooperatives, and in big factories are even being allowed by law (while previously they acted *sub rosa*) to borrow public equipment from their daytime workplace to embark on private schemes after dark. The new rules, especially over taxes, are not yet completely clear, but Hungarians are already flocking into private enterprise. Only half in jest, it has been called "socialist capitalism."

Even without this recent upsurge of liberal individualism, the economy has been steadily benefiting over the past decade from government policies of decentralization, so that state operations and cooperatives enjoy much more autonomy than elsewhere in East Europe. They can respond much more flexibly to market demands.There are also worker profit-sharing schemes whose effectiveness is, however, hard to measure: some workers prefer to work in a sluggish and amiably lax firm, where there is plenty of room for shirking, filching, and moonlighting, than to work in one where they may earn a somewhat larger share of profit.

NOWHERE is Hungary's market success more visible than in agriculture. In contrast to the rest of East Europe, food in shops—whether operated under private license or by cooperatives—is plentiful and cheap. For the East European consumer, Hungary is the envy of the Communist world. The citizens of Budapest put it all down to the New Economic Mechanism, followed, with a conservative hiccup in the mid-1970s, to the present day.

Still, there are worries. Around 60 percent of Hungary's foreign trade is now with the West, and the world recession is beginning to bite. The country has few natural resources of its own and is heavily dependent on raw material from the Soviet Union and elsewhere. Unemployment, traditionally disguised in Communist countries as massive *under*employment, is probably realistically gauged at 10 percent. The external debt of some $7 to $9 billion is as high per capita as the notorious Polish debt, though in Hungary it has been holding steady. In May Hungary became a member of the International Monetary Fund and in June a member of the World Bank. But commercial Western banks are leery of lending a dime or deutsche mark to any East European, in light of the Polish and Rumanian fiascos. There was a wave of relief in Budapest's financial circles when President Reagan said that East European countries should be treated by the West on individual merit.

The most interesting question is whether there is a direct link between economic and political liberalization. Must the former, willy nilly, drag in its wake the intoxicating but destabilizing consequences of the latter? In particular, has the Polish political miracle, dazzling while it lasted even if it became a mirage, given the Hungarians their own vision of an exhilarating radical rush toward pluralism and democracy? At present, Hungarians have no political say in their lives whatsoever. The conventional wisdom is that they are prepared to sacrifice the ideals of freedom on the altar of economic prosperity. Their hard-nosed—some would say smug—attitude toward the Poles certainly bears this theory out.

Not that Hungarians have any illusions about the Soviet system. They simply do not consider it sensible to try—as the Poles did—to break out of the system altogether. Hungary has experienced its full share of terror, after the Communist takeover in 1948, through the bloody calamity of 1956, until the early right on 1960s. Only then did Kadar think it safe to relax the iron grip.

Magyar chauvinism is fierce. It militates against any movement in favor of solidarity among different Eastern peoples against the Soviet system. The Russians, with their 60,000 to 70,000 soldiers on Hungarian soil and the 30,000 or so extra Soviet personnel and hangers-on, are disliked. But Hungarians seem to take some pleasure from the misfortunes of their neighbors—especially the traditionally loathed Rumanians, who oppress two million ethnic Magyars. This chauvinism makes it unlikely the Hungarians will risk their relative prosperity for the sake of the Poles or anyone else.

In addition, there is no national church to act as the repository of nationalism or to furnish people with a moral counterweight to the Communist establishment. The Catholics barely outnumber the Lutherans and Reformists (Calvinists), so there is no single focus of spiritually motivated dissent. And the Party has so successfully accommodated the churches' leadership that the Cardinal and most of the bishops can be counted upon to carry out their own punishment of priests who become too political.

Possibly it is presumptuous and premature to deduce that the Hungarian worker has been bought off. But he is understandably cautious. Though there is no sign of a spontaneous Solidarity-type workers' movement, many Hungarian workers undoubtedly sympathized at first with Polish Solidarity. But when the Poles became overtly and increasingly political, Hungarian workers became worried that the hot waves of Soviet anger could

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easily wash over and sink the Hungarian experiment, if "those lazy Poles"—as they are often called in Budapest—were allowed to rock the East European boat. Even now, Hungarians dread a direct Soviet intervention in Poland because, with its economy increasingly knitted into the Western fabric of trade, Hungary would be among the first victims of a general breakdown of East-West trade and credit facilities.

A further paradox in Hungary is that, although there is no open democracy at all, the authorities can afford to tolerate the handful of brave intellectuals who do oppose the system. No one seems to pay them much attention. Oppositionist Budapest intellectuals appear to have little contact with the industrial workers. There is no Hungarian equivalent of K.O.R., the Polish Committee for Workers' Defense, which gave Lech Walesa's industrial movement its crucial intellectual backing. I was told repeatedly that in Hungary people are grateful for *concessions*, while the headstrong Poles are interested in *rights*. Similarly, the Hungarian peasant is said to be grateful for state permission to increase his private activities within the collective; the Pole insists that the land is his by right.

In any case, no one in Hungary is allowed to demur. At the last elections to the rubber-stamp parliament, only 15 out of 315 seats were contested. Not even tame fellow-traveler parties are permitted, as in Poland. There was a minor *frisson* when elections at the Writers' Congress were held by secret ballot and a few Party sycophants lost their jobs. But there is barely a whisper of pluralistic discussion in the wake of economic liberalism. Kadar himself likes to be as inconspicuous as possible, though everyone knows he is boss. He pretends to be part of a triumvirate. There is no cult of personality.

The Party in Hungary is small: 800,000 members out of a population of 10.7 million. Kadar's reforms have slimmed and challenged the bureaucracy, through the enforced mergers—still under way—of several cumbersome ministries. The growth of private enterprise means that the privileges of the Party faithful are being devalued as anti-Communists come to share them. (True to form, many top Party men send their children to special schools. For instance, there is a church-run boarding school, a sort of Eton for top Communists, where the holy establishment accepts substantial charitable offerings to secure places for the sons of the Marxist mighty.)

But as long as Hungary enjoys greater overall prosperity than its Eastern neighbors, as is now the case, then even the Party apparatchiks will probably accept a gradual closure of the gap between themselves and the people. Even now, let it be noted, the New Economic Mechanism's profit-sharing schemes are designed so that management gets a much higher percentage of the profits than do the shop-floor workers: egalitarianism, it was reckoned, should bow to managerial incentive.

Of course, as the Marxists put it, there must be an "inherent contradiction" between liberal free enterprise and the official insistence that Hungary is still proceeding, under the leadership of the workers' own Communist Party, toward an egalitarian socialism. Whatever the pro-Soviet orthodoxy of Kadar's foreign policy and his continuing avowal of Marxism-Leninism, the Party "dogmatists" (as the hardliners are known) and not a few old men in the Kremlin must occasionally wince at the brazen bourgeois consumerism of modern Hungary. When material times are good, people may indeed be bought off by the taste of good food enhanced by the apathy that prevailed, thanks to years of Stalinist (and immediate post-Stalinist) terror. But the closer the materialism leads Hungary into the economic embrace of the West, the greater the risk of political contagion. Now, in a country where neither metaphor nor social convention seems to allow for feminism, the wags of Budapest ask you: "Why is there no difference between socialism and your wife?" Answer: "She is here whether you like it or not; and she has to be loved."

XAN SMILEY

Xan Smiley is editorial lead writer for *The Times* of London.

Ills of the medical marketplace.

DOCTORS' ORDERS

IN 1979 Brownfield Regional Medical Center, a small hospital in West Texas, lacked an obstetrician—but when it tried to recruit one, the town's five doctors angrily protested. With 80 percent of the county's mothers forced to give birth elsewhere, the doctors didn't dispute the need for an obstetrician. They objected to the hospital's plan to put the new physician on salary, which they called "socialized medicine." (Doctors in Brownfield and elsewhere have traditionally billed patients separately for each service, which tends to be more lucrative.) To subvert the plan, the physicians wrote to the recruit, threatening to bar him from the local medical society if he came. He stayed away. They also threatened the hospital administrator with a boycott if the deal went through. The Federal Trade Commission learned of the doctors' behavior and charged them with illegal restraint of trade. Only then did Brownfield's physicians agree to abandon their threats.

Doctors and dentists are accustomed to getting their way in the medical marketplace. Medical societies have traditionally dictated policy on business practices to hospitals, insurance companies, governments, and individual consumers alike. These dictates have covered all aspects of the business, ranging from how much doctors

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charge for their services to whether they can have offices in shopping centers. The doctors' control has made health care one of the least competitive sectors of the economy and brought them great financial gain. Until the 1970s, this private rule was seldom officially challenged. Over the past decade, however, the F.T.C. has actively exercised its authority to prosecute restraint of trade and other illegal business practices in the industry, including price fixing, illegal boycotts, kickbacks, and deceptive advertising. But Congress may soon bring such prosecutions to an abrupt halt.

Prodded by the lobbying and campaign contributions of organized medicine, Congress is considering an amendment to the F.T.C. reauthorization bill that would grant "professionals" an exemption from F.T.C. prosecution. Although the exemption, introduced by Representatives Thomas Luken, Democrat of Ohio, and Gary Lee, Republican of New York, would apply to all professionals (a term that has not yet been defined), the debate has focused on those pushing for it: doctors and dentists. Both the American Medical Association and the American Dental Association have supplemented their pleas with heavy campaign spending. During the 1982 Congressional campaign, the A.M.A.'s political action committee alone contributed more than $1.7 million directly to candidates, which was the highest of any PAC contribution. A Congress Watch study of campaign donations from January 1, 1979, when lobbying for the exemption began, and July 30, 1982, showed that the A.M.A. and the A.D.A. combined had directly contributed more than $2.3 million to House members, a figure that doesn't include late-season spending sprees or indirect spending on behalf of candidates. Seventy-two percent of that money was given to co-sponsors of the exemption. Of the 219 Luken-Lee co-sponsors, 213 have received money from either the doctors or dentists.

ORGANIZED MEDICINE's brazen attempt to duck the authority of the F.T.C. is being fought from all sides. Even some of the Commission's severest critics, such as *The Wall Street Journal*, stress the need for its continued work in the health care industry. The very diversity of groups going to bat for the F.T.C. testifies to the costly anticompetitive effect an exemption would have. Fearful of rising health care costs, business groups, including a lobbying organization that represents 200 of the Fortune 500 firms, are fighting the exemption. So are labor unions and consumer groups. Opposition to the exemption is coming from inside the health care industry as well as from outside of it. Societies of nurses, medical technologists, optometrists, social workers, psychologists, and others all support the F.T.C.'s work.

Given President Reagan's zeal for curtailing federal agencies, one might expect the current Administration to support the A.M.A.'s attack on the F.T.C. But Vice President George Bush and other top officials have written Congress to oppose the Luken-Lee amendment. Even James C. Miller III, the Reagan-appointed F.T.C. chairman who has asked that his agency's budget be cut and its powers restricted, opposes this reduction in F.T.C. authority. "As simply and as strongly as I can state it, the exemption is a terrible idea," he says. "It would create a special privileged class of persons seemingly above the laws that apply to everyone else."

THE A.M.A. ARGUES that overzealous F.T.C. officials have imperiled the quality of American health care by telling doctors how to practice medicine. The implication here is that scalpel-wielding bureaucrats have invaded the nation's operating rooms to dictate surgical procedure. But judging medical competence is the job of state licensing boards. The F.T.C. has examined the medical profession's business affairs, not its operating room conduct. The economic significance of health care should not be underestimated. In 1981 Americans spent $287 billion, close to 10 percent of the G.N.P., to cure what ailed them, making health care the nation's second largest industry. Given the potential for abuses of power, surely an industry of this magnitude should not be left to regulate itself.

The F.T.C.'s activities in the health care industry fall into two main categories: antitrust enforcement and consumer protection. As an enforcer of antitrust laws, the Commission has prosecuted cases involving anticompetitive restraints of trade. Until 1979, for example, the American Society of Anesthesiologists deemed most forms of salaried employment unethical, keeping prices higher by forcing anesthesiologists to bill patients separately for each service performed. The F.T.C. brought charges against the A.S.A., and the doctors changed their code. The F.T.C. also brought charges against the Michigan State Medical Society for threatening to boycott the state Blue Cross/Blue Shield and Medicaid plans in order to gain fee increases. The F.T.C. judge who heard the case estimated that the extra fees amounted to several million dollars. (The medical society is appealing the F.T.C.'s findings in court.) But the F.T.C.'s impact on the industry cannot be judged by case histories alone, for like all law enforcement agencies, the Commission derives much of its effectiveness from its powers of deterrence.

As a consumer protector, the Commission has monitored deceptive advertising and restrained health care costs by conducting market studies and issuing trade rules designed to increase competition. After a 1978 study of the prescription drug industry, the F.T.C. published a suggested state statute that allowed drug stores to substitute generic drugs for name brands, at cheaper prices. About a dozen states later adopted such laws. The Commission also opened the way for cheaper eyeglasses when it issued a rule requiring eye doctors to give their patients written prescriptions so they could shop comparatively. Market analysts note that the F.T.C. ruling, combined with the technological developments it may have helped spur, account for a 20 percent drop in the price of glasses.

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Citing the F.T.C.'s record in both antitrust enforcement and consumer protection, chairman Miller dismisses the A.M.A.'s charge that the F.T.C. endangers the doctors' ability to practice medicine: "For the life of me, I fail to see how bringing cases against price fixing, kickbacks, boycotts, fraud, and deception can be construed as actions that lessen the quality of care."

MUCH OF THE A.M.A.'s wrath toward the F.T.C. no doubt stems from the Commission's victory in a recently concluded court case. In 1975 the F.T.C. filed restraint of trade charges arguing that A.M.A.'s ethical code was being used to prevent doctors from advertising and from working as salaried employees of health maintenance organizations (H.M.O.s), prepaid medical programs designed to provide cheaper health care. Both A.M.A. restrictions kept prices higher by restraining competition. The case ended last spring in a four-to-four Supreme Court decision that upheld a lower court ruling in favor of the F.T.C. Throughout the court battle, the A.M.A. argued that the Commission lacks legal jurisdiction over the professions. Having failed to convince the courts, the A.M.A. is now pressing its case in Congress.

The A.M.A. argues that it doesn't object to antitrust enforcement per se, but the evidence suggests otherwise. Consider its specific argument. The doctors say that the F.T.C.'s antitrust enforcement threatens the quality of care since the Commission lacks medical expertise. Yet they also argue that they are willing to accept enforcement of the same laws by the Justice Department and the state attorneys general. But why would these agencies pose any less of a threat to the quality of care than the F.T.C., since they too lack medical expertise? The truth is not that the F.T.C. is least qualified to take action, but that it is most likely to do so. State law enforcement officials are too busy chasing thieves and murderers to worry about antitrust violations. And they lack the political independence to challenge powerful state medical lobbies. Although the Justice Department theoretically could take over the F.T.C.'s antitrust duties, a traditional division of labor between the two agencies has left the F.T.C. with more experience in the field. And neither the states nor the Justice Department possess the F.T.C.'s rulemaking and market-study authority. Forty-nine of the fifty state attorneys general signed a letter to Congress opposing the exemption, as did the head of the Justice Department's antitrust division and five of his predecessors. The A.M.A. revealed its real intent—antitrust immunity—when it passed a resolution last spring that outlined a plan to seek changes in all antitrust laws. Lawyers argue that, if adopted, the changes would make antitrust cases against doctors almost impossible to pursue.

The A.M.A. has both its own considerable political strength and the general mood of Congress working in its favor. In today's political climate, federal powers in general, and those of "regulatory" agencies like the F.T.C. in particular, are held in low esteem. The Commission, which greatly expanded its activities in the 1970s, recently has become the object of conservative backlash. Between the time of the F.T.C.'s creation in 1914 until 1979, exemptions were rarely granted, and usually given only because other federal agencies (the Civil Aeronautics Board, for example) were established for monitoring purposes. But in the last three years, many special interests have successfully petitioned either for partial restrictions on F.T.C. authority, or total exemptions. If the doctors win, they'll join soft drink bottlers and funeral directors in the F.T.C. alumni club.

By riding this tide of antiregulatory sentiment, the A.M.A. has sold the exemption as legitimate deregulation, which it is not. In fact, much of the F.T.C.'s work might more accurately be called "law enforcement" than "regulation." Rather than regulate, in the sense of adding economic restrictions, the F.T.C. has often served as a deregulatory force, sweeping away the private restrictions of medical societies, such as the ban on advertising. Barring the F.T.C. from the health care industry would not deregulate the field, as supporters of the exemption suggest. It would simply return the market to an anticompetitive form of self-regulation. F.T.C. chairman Miller, a free market advocate who has spent his career fighting government regulation, points to the false billing. "I think I recognize deregulation when I see it," Miller says. "Ladies and gentlemen, this ain't it."

Although the bill's chances of passing are strong, Congressional support may not be as solid as the 219 names listed as co-sponsors suggest it is. Some of the original Luken-Lee endorsers now say the bill was misrepresented to them and are withdrawing their support. Representative Dennis Eckart, Democrat of Ohio, is among them. "I signed as a co-sponsor because the bill was represented as being sound regulatory reform that would eliminate inefficient and duplicative regulation between the F.T.C. and the states," Eckart said. "But the proposed legislation would not protect consumers against abusive price-fixing and other anticompetitive and antitrust violations."

MANY OF THOSE who originally backed the Luken-Lee amendment have shifted their support to a compromise offered by conservative Representative James Broyhill, Republican of North Carolina. Broyhill is no F.T.C.-lover. Like Miller, he has consistently advocated less government regulation. His plan is designed to assuage doctors' fears of the F.T.C. overstepping its authority by specifying in law that the F.T.C.'s jurisdiction applies to business practices only, and that the state licensing boards govern matters of medical competence. While it is true that questions involving business practices and those involving medical competence may sometimes intersect (disputes over what procedures nurses are allowed to perform fall into this category), the Broyhill bill fixes the respective domains of the F.T.C. and the states in a way that gives state boards, and the doctors, the benefit of the doubt. The F.T.C. supports the

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plan. But although the Broyhill bill addresses what organized medicine claims to be its concerns, the A.M.A. dismisses it out of hand, opposing anything short of complete market autonomy.

The current battle over economic power is not a new one. In fact, the continuity between organized medicine's behavior in the past and in the present is striking. In 1938 the Justice Department brought an antitrust suit against the A.M.A. for harassing H.M.O. employees. At that time, the A.M.A. responded by arguing (unsuccessfully) before the Supreme Court that antitrust laws did not apply to doctors. In 1979 the F.T.C. brought charges against the doctors of a Pittsburgh hospital for the same kind of harassment of H.M.O. employees that had taken place decades earlier. And the A.M.A. is still making pleas for antitrust exemptions.

With health care costs skyrocketing, it is important not to lose sight of what this debate is ultimately about: money. Removing the F.T.C. from the health care industry means a less competitive marketplace, and a less competitive marketplace means higher prices. That's a move that American consumers can ill afford.

JASON DEPARLE

Next on their agenda: nativist neo-populism.

HARD TIMES FOR THE HARD RIGHT

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

THE RADICAL RIGHT, you should be happy to hear, is battered and dispirited. It lost ground in the 1982 elections and it feels abandoned by its old hero, Ronald Reagan. But the movement is not dead. It is regrouping—looking for new leaders and new ways to cause trouble. Its latest proposed strategy is "neo-populism," an effort to radicalize hard-pressed workers and other alienated Middle Americans by blaming their woes on "elitists" (including multinational corporations, big banks, and the media) and also on illegal aliens and treacherous foreigners. A turn toward nationalism, protectionism, racism, and irrationalism could split the right, with traditional conservatives turning away in disgust from New Right radicals. But in bad economic times, such themes could find popular support. If so, it wouldn't take long for a leader to leap to the front of the mob to challenge President Reagan or Vice President Bush, to vie with Bush for the Republican nomination if Reagan doesn't run, or even to mount a third-party challenge. The names most discussed by New Righters to fill such a role are fairly familiar: Jesse Helms, Jack Kemp, Senator Bill Armstrong of Colorado, and Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada. But the lesson of 1976 is not lost on the right, either. That lesson is that in this era of media politics, even a one-term ex-governor of Georgia can come from nowhere and become President. Just now, the right is eyeing a no-term, not-quite governor of New York, Lew Lehrman.

But before trying to elect a President again, the New Right needs to lick its wounds. The 1982 election conferred no great mandate on liberals to run the country, but it did seem to withdraw the 1980 mandate of extreme conservatism. With 26 fewer Republicans in the House, President Reagan will have to make midcourse corrections toward the center. What's even better is the list of New Right hotheads who bit the dust in November, including John LeBoutillier in New York, the Moral Majority's Albert Lee Smith in Alabama, ex-John Bircher John Rousselot in California, and the whole of Jesse Helms's slate of Congressional Club reactionaries in North Carolina. In fact, the best news of 1982 may be that Helms, political dean of the New Right, first failed to get his battery of anti-abortion, anti-busing, and court-stripping bills through Congress, then got shellacked in his effort to take control of North Carolina politics, and now faces the prospect of personal defeat in 1984 at the hands of moderate Democratic Governor Jim Hunt. A piece of equally good news is the collapse of Terry Dolan's notorious NCPAC, whose negative advertising seemed to help candidates it was designed to hurt and which ended the campaign with a Senate score (depending on the score-keeper) of one win against 14, 17, or 20 losses. More good news: A computer analysis by the *Chicago Sun-Times* indicates that the most conservative fifth of the U.S. House of Representatives suffered the worst losses (37 percent) of any ideological group, while the 100 most liberal Representatives suffered only two defeats. As they ought to be, leaders of the conservative movement are unhappy with the election results. Paul Weyrich of the Free Congress Foundation calls it "a disaster, a rout," and says it was "worse even than a lot of people think" because even though Republicans kept the Senate, they lost 20 of the 33 Senate races run in 1982 and came very close to losing

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five more. And Republicans now control neither house in the legislatures of 34 states.

Yet the Republican defeat does not mean the demise of the New Right. "The New Right is alive and reasonably well," says Weyrich. According to anti-rightist Tony Podesta of People for the American Way, "they lost more than they won by any measure, but it would be over-hasty to write any obituaries." For one thing, New Right candidates and causes did not lose everywhere. The three new Republican Senators elected this year—Paul Trible in Virginia, Chic Hecht in Nevada, and Pete Wilson in California—are all more anti-abortion and generally more right wing than their predecessors. The abortion issue seems to have helped Minnesota Senator David Durenberger keep his seat, and the gun-control referendum in California (defeated by a margin of 63 percent to 37 percent) apparently turned out voters who helped elect George Deukmejian as Governor over Tom Bradley. Despite high unemployment, rightist gubernatorial candidates Lew Lehrman and Richard Headlee did surprisingly well in New York and Michigan, and Terry Branstad did win in Iowa. And, despite hoots of joy from liberal enemies and even some scowls from within the conservative movement, Terry Dolan and NCPAC did not actually do as badly as advertised. When *Congressional Quarterly* surveyed NCPAC's performance in House as well as Senate races, it found the score was 69 wins, 19 losses.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Whatever losses the right has suffered lately, both at the White House and at the polls, it still has considerable assets, including money, technical ingenuity, boundless self-confidence, and a keen instinct for jugular issues. Tony Podesta estimates that right-wing religious and political organizations alone have budgets totaling more than $200 million per year—not counting gun clubs, pro-life groups, educational foundations, and business PACs. On a technical level, right-winger Richard Viguerie practically invented single-issue direct-mail politics, and still is far ahead of liberal groups in perfecting it. He plans to start three new companies in coming months to exploit the "neo-populist" agenda and is beginning at least two new conservative cable TV programs. And Terry Dolan, regardless of what his correct score was in 1982, certainly deserves acknowledgment as the man who reinvented the negative advertising that both parties now use on television.

The New Right's spokesmen argue, too, that the issues upon which the movement organized so effectively prior to and during the 1980 election have not gone away—they simply have not been exploited by the Reagan Administration. "You liberals say that Jesse Helms was defeated because the anti-abortion bill didn't get passed," one organizer said. "But when did a national abortion ban ever get to the Senate floor before? And what would have happened if Ronald Reagan, who got elected supporting it, had really put the power of his Presidency behind it?" Anyway, exit polls and other indicators suggest that abortion is less potent than some other conservative issues that may yet be exploited more fully. ABC's poll, for example, showed that voters favor the death penalty by a margin of 79 to 21 percent and school prayer by a margin of 71 to 29 percent. (At the same time, they favor a nuclear freeze by 57 to 43 percent). Asked to define their politics, 24 percent said they were liberal, while 38 percent each said they were conservative and middle-of-the-road. A Roper poll, though, shows that 45 percent of the population considers itself conservative, 33 percent middle-of-the-road, and 19 percent liberal.

The New Right's complaint with President Reagan is

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that he failed to govern or to campaign in 1982 on the social issues that helped get him elected in 1980. The New Right's complaint with itself is that it spent too much of period from 1980 to 1982 trying to get him and his White House aides to do so. *National Review*'s post-election "Letter from Washington" sums up the rightists' analysis. Reagan, it says, "played the game entirely on his twenty-yard line, and any effort to make the election a grand realignment was abandoned. The game plan was sharply limited: prevent the opposition from scoring too often. Therefore, conservative activists weren't needed." The conservatives almost unanimously think that in allowing economics to be the main issue of 1982, the President "played on the Democrats' turf" and was bound to lose.

AN ALTERNATIVE STRATEGY was recommended to White House chief of staff James Baker in a meeting at Blair House on September 15. According to several participants, Weyrich presented a memo listing twelve tactics for the Republicans to use. The key to all twelve was confrontation, attack. "The theme of the election should be, 'Do you want to return to the kind of welfare state and elitist rule that we had before 1980?' " Weyrich was quoted as saying. "The idea was to remind people in very vivid terms how things were going under the Democrats—on prayer, busing, quotas, cultural and neighborhood issues, and inflation—and to tell people how things would be again if Tip and Teddy were in control." Weyrich also proposed tagging Congressional candidates endorsed by the National Education Association, the National Organization for Women, and other liberal groups with those organizations' most extreme positions. "We wanted Democrats to be asked: 'You take money from NOW. How do you stand on lesbian rights?' We wanted to make them pay for that support." Another proposal was to go back through the records of leading Democrats—Tip O'Neill, Edward Kennedy, and Walter Mondale—and tag the whole Democratic Party with the least defensible ideas they ever advocated. Another was to schedule a series of several "confrontation votes" in Congress just before the election to create campaign issues, and Weyrich suggested that Reagan then use the U.S. Chamber of Commerce's highly sophisticated Busnet system to campaign on those issues by closed-circuit television with fundamentalists, small businessmen, and other interest groups.

"Of the twelve proposals, Baker led us to believe the White House would accept ten," said one participant. "But nothing ever happened, or to the extent it did, it was too little and too late. The White House figured that conservatives had nowhere else to go on Election Day than with the Republicans, but that was wrong. The place they had to go was home, and that is where they stayed." In 1980, according to Weyrich, the Moral Majority registered five million voters. In 1982 the organization is three times as large as it was then, but instead of campaigning, top state and national M.M. leaders held a convention in the Bahamas during the weekend before the election. The Religious Roundtable, which held huge rallies for Reagan in 1980, sponsored none in 1982.

The right chiefly blames James Baker for the President's failure to go on the attack. Baker tried to patch things up with the right-wingers in a luncheon meeting held on November 12 at the Madison Hotel in Washington. The host was Senator Joseph McCarthy's former aide, New York lawyer Roy Cohn. Baker reportedly tried to assure the right-wingers—including Viguerie, Dolan, *Human Events* editor Allan Ryskind, and Robert Heckman of the Fund for a Conservative Majority—that he is not an enemy. He is said to have told them that it was he who argued against Secretary of State George Shultz's suggestion that President Reagan go to Moscow to attend Leonid Brezhnev's funeral. The rightists, however, regard Baker as an "elitist" and a moderate, a watcher of opinion polls rather than an ideologue. They think it's Baker's fault that the Reagan Administration, once such a receptacle of hope for the right wing, has "changed nothing in Washington." As with other Republicans—Eisenhower, Nixon, and Ford—"the system that the liberals put in place is still there, it's just not as well funded," complains Weyrich.

THE NEW RIGHT itself committed a "strategic error," Weyrich says. "We played the Washington game too much. We spent too much time running to meetings and trying to influence personnel and policy. I'm hard-pressed to see how we changed much of anything." According to Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus, "It's silly for conservatives to waste an ounce of energy anymore—and the last two years have been a total waste—to get a 72-year-old leopard to change his spots. We've got to write this Administration off. This is not our Administration. Our job now is to go back to playing our game—not the Washington game, but the out-in-the-country game. Our job is to get ready to lead as fast as we can. I'm convinced our turn will come, I just don't know when."

According to Phillips, conservatives should "declare independence" from the Reagan Administration and possibly from the Republican Party, ceasing to be its dependable right wing and becoming instead a "third force" in American politics. Howard Phillips's thinking sounds like a leaf from the book *Post-Conservative America* by Kevin Phillips (no relation), who argues that American politics is de-aligning, and that as many as four parties might field candidates in 1984: corporation-oriented Republicans, labor-oriented Democrats, suburbanite liberal followers of John Anderson, and "populist" right-wingers. Kevin Phillips thinks that middle- and lower middle-class Americans are ripe for radicalizing around cultural and economic issues, especially if hard times leave them alienated from the government and the establishment.

Richard Viguerie, master pusher of people's "hot but-

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tons" via direct mail, thinks the same. In the October issue of his magazine, *Conservative Digest*, Viguerie proposes fomenting a "populist revolution" against "elitists." In an article entitled "Who's Messing Up Your Life and What You Can Do About It," Viguerie argues: "There are millions of Americans who feel that neither liberals nor conservatives, Democrats nor Republicans really care about their concerns. These are people who feel strongly about issues such as crime, illegal drug use, pornography, illegal aliens, countries that flood America with goods but keep our products out, welfare abuses, busing and drunk driving, to mention a few."

Viguerie writes, "I believe the ruling elite has inflicted us [sic] with most of these problems. . . . About 90 percent of our major problems are caused by 1 percent of our citizens." They are the presumptive targets of right-wing neo-populism: "big business executives who seek profits by selling high technology to the Soviets . . . TV executives who flood our homes with TV shows glorifying crime . . . executives of big banks that have loaned hundreds of billions of their depositors' money to Communist and bankrupt third world countries . . . judges and lawyers that turn loose dangerous repeat-rapists, arsonists, muggers and murderers. . . . " Also, the National Education Association, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, the media, and sundry graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth.

SOME OF the specific proposals one can anticipate from New Right populism are a "world freedom tax," which is another term for a tariff against Japan designed to approximate the cost to the U.S. economy of Japanese import barriers and the cost to the U.S. government of defending Japan; state and federal initiatives and referenda on the right's favorite single issues; recall of "lenient" judges and automatic reconfirmation of judges, including Supreme Court Justices; removal of the Federal Reserve Board's independence from political control; and restrictions on the freedom of banks and corporations to export credit and jobs overseas. Some New Rightists want to organize parents of private school pupils to back tuition tax credits and perhaps de-fund "government schools." Others want Americans to feel guilty—if not threatened—for driving foreign cars or watching Japanese television sets. Another new populist theme—though it would send William Jennings Bryan spinning in his grave—may be to put America back on the gold standard.

At the moment, thank heavens, the New Right lacks a national leader. Conceivably, Helms could run for President in 1984 if President Reagan decides not to seek reelection, or as a "third force" opposition candidate. His weakness in North Carolina might actually make a Presidential candidacy more attractive, and before dismissing him as a Southern demagogue without national following, one should remember Huey Long, who badly scared the national establishment in the 1930s, and George Wallace, who did the same in 1968 and 1972. Jack Kemp is the darling of Republican conservatives and has endorsed some of the new populist themes, including the gold standard, political control of the Fed, and a constitutional amendment to allow citizens to initiate national legislation directly. However, Kemp peeves some New Rightists because he lacks social-issue fire in his belly. Kemp also is a free marketeer who detests protectionism, and a growth-oriented supply-sider who doesn't want to chop the federal government to pieces. New Rightists are afraid that if they do not capitalize on working-class resentment of the Japanese, Democrats like Walter Mondale and Edward Kennedy will. The rightists also want to starve the civilian side of government because they believe it feeds their natural enemies, the liberals.

If President Reagan decides not to run, some conservatives hope he can be pursuaded not to endorse any successor, or to back his old friend, Senator Laxalt, rather than Bush. If Bush is unavoidable, the right hopes to get him to pick Senator Armstrong as his running-mate, thereby putting a true-blue conservative in line of succession.

Or else, as Richard Viguerie says, "Somebody could write a whole new textbook. You don't need to be a Senator or a Governor to be elected nowadays." The latest find of the New Rightists is Lew Lehrman, who lost the New York governorship by just 165,000 votes out of five million cast on themes of economic growth and toughness on criminals. Lehrman now is at work on a what-is-to-be-done book for Random House. He gives the impression of a man who thinks he knows. He abhors "incremental, improvised legislative compromises which have no impact on the intractable problems of inflation and unemployment." He favors "basic, comprehensive" changes, notably a return to the gold standard for the U.S. and the rest of the world. It may take work and intellect to comprehend how gold will (or won't) solve all the world's problems, but that doesn't mean it can't be made into a simple, potent political theme. It was done in 1898. Why not 1984?

Political control of the Federal Reserve (or even gold) may actually be advisable. They are worth thinking about. But other themes that the New Right is working up, in the guise of populism, require no thought. For political advantage, the rightists want to make Americans hate Japanese, Mexican immigrants, "elitists," and "welfare cheats." They are intent on plowing the same old nativist, nationalist, anti-intellectual ground that Father Coughlin and Pitchfork Ben Tillman dug before. Kevin Phillips reminds us that it is the same ground that Hitler and Mussolini plowed, in desperate times and successfully, in Germany and Italy. Because this is America and because we have lived through hard times before without electing our demagogues, the chances are that we can survive again with democracy intact. But the New Right seems intent on giving democracy another test.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Trial and Tribulation

Blessed be pluralism. Just when you're feeling depressed by the gargantuan success of *An Officer and a Gentleman*, not because it's a wretched picture but because it's a throwback to a pre-Vietnam social perspective that glorifies military sentimentalities—pygmy John Fordism

The Verdict
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

—along comes a picture out of a contrasting social perspective, the Common Man syndrome: Frank Capra with updated language and sexual frankness.

Paul Newman has long been linked with Common Man themes (though, contradictorily, one of his best performances was as a hard-shell conservative in *Sometimes a Great Notion*, which he also directed), so it's no surprise to find him starring in the film. Similarly, it's no surprise to find Sidney Lumet directing it. In fact there are few surprises in the whole enterprise on the thematic-atmospheric level, only in the plot twists, which are agreeable if not shattering. *The Verdict* is one more David and Goliath story except that it's modernized—David is no spotless hero, and Goliath, though not admirable, has at least a plausible case.

Boston. Boston Irish—that's the real "territory." All the action is pretty much confined to Boston Irish inter-fighting. Newman is a middle-aged B. I. lawyer, seedy and sodden, whom we first see trying to hustle business from new widows in funeral parlors. We learn later from his patient older pal and former law teacher, Jack Warden, that Newman is a Man of Sorrows. Naturally. No film hero can be seedy and sodden congenitally: he has to have suffered unjustly and in manly silence.

But he has been running out his string, with drink and general disorder. Warden has obtained one last case for him—last, because if Newman doesn't come through on this one it's the end of his nearly finished legal career. The case is one of gross negligence against a hospital run by the archdiocese: a young woman in childbirth has been turned into a vegetable for the rest of her life through medical blunders on the delivery table. The bishop, with whom the defense decision finally rests, wants to settle the case quickly out of court—with a hefty settlement—because it's important that the hospital's reputation not be sullied in public: the hospital must keep the public's confidence because it serves its community generally well. Any hospital could conceivably have such a ghastly accident: therefore compensation, quietly and amply, and continuance.

But Newman has seen the victim and has heard the opinion of a medical expert: and, further, resents the smugness with which they expect him to snap up the check of which (they know) he is to get a third. He declines and chooses to go to trial. The archdiocese then engages the best B. I. trial lawyer, James Mason, who has an army of assistants and the glamour of success. Up against him goes Newman, with bloodshot eyes into which he keeps squirting drops, with whiskey breath into which he keeps squirting other drops, trying to pull up his socks and his life, aided only by Warden.

The story is mostly well built and briskly paced, the characters drawn with that sharp quick-sketch quality of good entertainment where a little counts for a lot. None of these people would be considered profoundly drawn in a serious film, but here they have just enough depth to assure us that the filmmakers didn't want them to be puppets. The very last sequence is one of those *Maltese Falcon-Third Man* endings that leave an agreeably tart, "mature" aftertaste.

David Mamet, an occasionally interesting playwright, adapted the screenplay from a novel by Barry Reed, which I haven't read. The script has a nice pop-cynical tone, and it comes through when it absolutely must deliver: Newman's summation to the jury. This speech is terse and pungent: the powerful have the power to convert all the rest of us into victims and that condition probably cannot be changed, but must it *always* prevail?

The script has its bumps, though. Would Newman have turned down a hefty settlement offer without consulting his clients, the woman's sister and brother-in-law? Would he have opted for trial without a deposition in hand from his key witness? Would his new lady-friend have carried telltale evidence in her pocketbook? And would the bishop be willing to blink, as he does, at the fact that a surprise witness has shown the hospital to be truly criminal? Would he have been willing to shield the guilty behind the legal technicality invoked?

The film's firm qualities themselves make these flaws stand out. The visual texture and the acting are so thorough that the plot mechanics obtrude especially, as if we could spot cracks in the scenery of a gripping theater melodrama. Part of that good visual texture comes from the production designs by Edward Pisoni (Newman's entresol office in particular), and considerably more comes from the cinematography by Andrzej Bartkowiak, who did *Prince of the City* for Lumet. Bartkowiak tones down colors all along the spectrum in a way that sobers them aptly without making them drab.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

La Femme Enfant. After *Nosferatu* and *Fitzcarraldo*, Klaus Kinski's performance here—a gentle recluse who loves a teenage girl—confirms his high stature. Raphaele Billetdoux wrote and directed this delicate first film.

Gandhi. Fine acting and Richard Attenborough's dedicated (if uninspired) directing keep this long epic from being Good For You and make it good.

Smithereens. The SoHo rock and drug scene, done with much more than glib naturalism in Susan Seidelman's first feature.

Time Stood Still. The Budapest children who lived through 1956 seen in 1963. The directing a bit overcharged, but the insights pierce.

SK

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The theater reference above isn't stretched because Lumet handles much of the film theatrically. Many scenes are shot from the fifth-row-center angle, and he uses the theater's simultaneous two-room composition a few times. For instance, in a fairly long shot, we see Newman bring his lady-friend home to his apartment. He switches on the light in the kitchen where they come in; the light has been left on in the bedroom where they will end up. Between the two lighted areas is the living room, which is dark. The composition is V-shaped with the camera at the point of the V and with blackness in between the two lighted places. The V fixes depth and destination.

As he often is, Lumet is skillful with his actors. His key achievement is with Charlotte Rampling, Newman's amour: Lumet almost manages to make her tolerable, a Herculean job. He holds down Milo O'Shea, as the judge, which O'Shea always needs, and he keeps Mason, as the star lawyer, from being a star actor. From Warden he gets a generous slice off the enjoyable Warden loaf; and Lumet gets Newman back to acting again.

In the past several years Newman has shown that he has one of the rare faces: it doesn't age, it purifies. The youthful prettiness is replaced by a moving clarity. (Think of Gary Cooper, Celia Johnson, Victor Sjöstrom, Wendy Hiller.) But his acting can get lethargic and facile, as it was in *Fort Apache, the Bronx.* He was better in *Absence of Malice,* if only because there he couldn't coast on clichés: he had to supply the reality missing in the role. In *The Verdict* he has a reliable traditional role, the Man Who Came Back; it's always been juicy, he knows its perimeter, knows its possibilities, knows what he can assume and what he must supply. But he has gone further. With Lumet's aid or insistence, he has apparently chosen a real-life model or models and has shaped his performance on what he has observed. He seems to be working on a short axis, holding his performance close to his vest, doing no more and not a damned bit less than he can verify; yet it's all affectingly colored by—that lovely paradox of acting—his own feelings about the character and his own personality. This is realistic American film acting at its veristic/imaginative best.

Correction. Two weeks ago I referred to Scott Fitzgerald's character Pat Hobby as a Hollywood agent. A lapse. Pat is a screenwriter.

Reconsideration: Sterling Brown.

In The Afro-American Grain

By John F. Callahan

On May 1, 1901—the same year W. E. B. DuBois wrote his prophetic line: "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line"—Sterling Brown was born in a house then near and now part of the Howard University campus. His father was Sterling Nelson Brown, minister of Lincoln Temple Congregational Church, professor of religion at Howard, and for a time member of the District of Columbia Board of Education. His parents met at Fisk, where his mother was valedictorian of her class and a relative had been one of the original Fisk Jubilee singers back in the Reconstruction.

Brown grew up in a time when the flavor of Washington, D.C. was becoming more and more bitterly Southern for Negroes, as Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom tightened the noose of segregation and Jim Crow. Along with contemporaries Allison Davis, Montague Cobb, William Hastie, and Charles Drew, Brown went to Dunbar High School and from there, on scholarship, to Williams, then one of the few New England colleges to admit a token one or two Negro students a year. At Williams, Brown remembers, his classmates

> had never seen a Negro, and I had hardly ever seen a white man their age. Until I came to Williams, I had never spoken to a white boy except the little son of the drugstore man where we used to go to get sundaes for my family, and he and I were friends until Negroes came around with me or whites came around with him. Then we didn't know each other.

At Williams, class of 1922, he learned from George Dutton.

> Dutton was teaching Joseph Conrad. He said Joseph Conrad was being lionized in England—H.G. Wells and Galsworthy and all the ladies and lords and the rest were making a fuss over Joseph Conrad, and Conrad was sitting over in the corner, quiet, not participating. Dutton said he was brooding and probably thinking about his native Poland and the plight of his people. He looked straight at me. I don't know what he meant, but I think he meant, and this is symbolic to me, I think he meant don't get fooled by any lionizing, don't get fooled by being here at Williams with a selective clientele. There is business out there that you have to take care of. Your people, too, are in a plight. I've never forgotten it.

After Williams, Brown took his Masters from Harvard in 1923 and studied under Bliss Perry and George Lyman Kittredge. "At Harvard," he remembers—again in "A Son's Return: 'Oh Didn't He Ramble,'" an autobiographical address given at Williams in 1973,

> I went into careful study of American poetry. I learned from Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Tilbury Town* where he took up the undistinguished, the failures, and showed the extraordinary in ordinary lives. I learned from Robert Frost. I learned from my own; the man I was brought up on was Dunbar. I learned from Claude McKay.

During Brown's year at Harvard, McKay's *Harlem Shadows* came out and also Jean Toomer's *Cane.* As a boy in D.C., Sterling Brown had imitated some of Toomer's moves on the basketball court. Now, Williams and Harvard behind him, he began, as Toomer had done a few years before, a geographical and spiritual journey that was to culminate in *Southern Road* nine years later and influence profoundly the rest of his poetry and criticism. "I went South," he says.

> I taught at Virginia Seminary, where I learned a great deal that I could not learn at Williams. I learned the strength of my people, I learned the fortitude. I learned the humor. I learned the tragedy. I learned from a wandering guitar player [the Big Boy Davis who is such an important voice and presence in Brown's great ballads] about John Henry, about Stagolee, about 'The Ballad of the Bollweevil.' I learned folktales. I learned folkstuff.

Brown learned folklore firsthand from the folk in rural Virginia, Missouri, and Tennessee, while he taught at Virginia Seminary, Lincoln, and Fisk. These Negro colleges were more important to the Negro folk than Brown knew when, only twenty-two or twenty-three himself, he

John F. Callahan, professor of English at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, is working on a collection of essays on Afro-American literature.

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rebuked a student for falling asleep in class. When he investigated, Brown discovered the young man both went to school and plowed and tilled his people's farm. Brown met the family and was introduced by the student's mother, Mrs. Bibby, to the complexity of folk idiom. Speaking of a ne'er-do-well neighboring farmer of whom others were saying he do this or that but *he mean good*, the old woman, after she had removed a corncob pipe from her mouth and spat precisely onto the hottest chunk in the fire, told the assembled company: "Well, he may mean good, but he *do* so doggone po'." This and other sayings that Sterling Brown heard from the surviving folk in the 1920s and 1930s found their way into the aphorisms he, along with Arthur Davis and the late Ulysses Lee, included in the still unequaled gathering of American Negro writing and folkstuff, *The Negro Caravan* (1941).

BROWN brought this rich folk speech to the literary forms of poetry. And while he wrote the poems for *Southern Road* (1932), Brown honed the principles of critical realism in a regular column for *Opportunity*. In "Our Literary Audience" (February 1930), he made close connections between literature and history, literature and society, and, above all, between writer and audience. For him the act of writing involved attention to talking and listening as well as reading, the ear as well as the eye. "We are not a reading folk," he observed and reaffirmed Whitman's belief: "Without great audiences we cannot have great poets." Brown's purpose was to develop kinships between literary forms of expression and an Afro-American audience.

> I have a deep concern with the development of a literature worthy of our past, and of our destiny; without which literature certainly, we can never come to much. I have a deep concern with the development of an audience worthy of such a literature.

And Brown's work enacts this profound relationship between literature and democracy. It is his achievement to have fulfilled the complex double purpose of writing poetry worthy of a great audience and of helping to shape that diverse, responsive, critical, and inclusive audience through his essays and criticism.

In his poetry, now gathered in *The Collected Poems of Sterling A. Brown* (Harper & Row, 257 pp., $12.95), Brown forged an alliance between two essential traditions: the American vernacular of critical realism—of Robinson, Frost, Sandburg—and the Afro-American vernacular derived from folk speech and folktales, from the spirituals and work songs and carried on in the ballads and the blues. Voice, he realized, was the core of his task. Like Dunbar before him, he knew that for oral tradition to survive, the spoken word must be heard on the page.

But what was the oral tradition?

In *Negro Poetry and Drama* (1938), Brown noted Dunbar's idealization of Negro rural life in the dialect poems and commented gently but with the bite of understatement that "No picture of Negro life that is only pastoral can be fully true." This was an old battle over the nature of reality going back to Frederick Douglass and beyond, even to the utterance of Phyllis Wheatley. At stake was nothing less than the meaning and direction of Afro-American idiom and personality. Already in his own folk poems Sterling Brown had answered James Weldon Johnson's characterization of Negro dialect as "an instrument with but two full stops, humor and pathos." In his preface to the *Book of American Negro Poetry* (1922), Johnson had claimed that "there are phases of Negro life in the United States which cannot be treated in the dialect either adequately or artistically." But Johnson was talking of dialect as a literary convention. Recalling Louis Untermeyer's remark that traditional dialect was "an affectation to please a white audience," Brown added that its practitioners were often "preachers and teachers, consciously literary," who "seldom saw the wit and beauty possible to folk speech, the folk-shrewdness, the humanity, the stoicism of those people."

About tradition Brown is committed, critical, and unerringly explicit:

> I love Negro folk speech and I think it is rich and wonderful. It is not *dis* and *dat* with a split verb. But it is "Been down so long that down don't worry me," or it is what spirituals had in one of the finest couplets in American literature:
>
> "I don't know what my mother wants to stay here for. This old world ain't been no friend to her."

To Sterling Brown, "Dialect, or the speech of the people, is capable of expressing whatever the people are." And such expression is the achievement of Brown's poetry. His best work touches greatness. As Alain Locke contended in what remains the finest piece on *Southern Road*, "The New Negro Folk Poet (1934)."

> Sterling Brown has listened long and carefully to the folk in their intimate hours, when they are talking to themselves not, so to speak, as in Dunbar, but actually as they do when the masks of protective mimicry fall.

Of course Brown's poetry comes also from gifts other than that of listening. He makes rhythm, cadence, and a carefully wrought vocabulary reverberate with the experience and feelings of folk characters. Because he understood that folk speech in poetry, like good dialogue in fiction, is something other than exact imitation of conversation, he was able to create a speech that functions powerfully both as written and as spoken word. This comes from his ear, his eye, his sense of line, of beat. It also flows from his sense of tradition and his will to put his gifts to work in literary forms capable of carrying on the great tradition of Afro-American oral culture—the sorrow songs, work songs, the ballads, the blues.

IN THE ACCESSIBLE way of good poetry, Brown's folk-spoken ballads and blues poems summon images and voices from that enduring and, in Faulkner's sense, prevailing Afro-American past so essentially bound up with the nation's culture and condition.

Listen. Hear Big Boy stake out a place in the pantheon of stoical folk heroes:

> An' all dat Big Boy axes
> When time comes fo' to go,
> Lemme be wid John Henry, steel drivin' man,
> Lemme be wid old Jazzbo,
> Lemme be wid ole Jazzbo . . .

Overhear a lifer on the chain gang hold his own by holding it in, honing his fury to the low growl of a last irrevocable word, his hammer in his hand all the while:

> White man tells me—hunh—
> Damn yo' soul;
> White man tells me—hunh—
> Damn yo' soul;
> Got no need, bebby,
> To be tole.

Listen to the double changes, religious and historical, aspired to in the advice the poet gives old Sister Lou in an idiom tender, strong, and soulfully hers:

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Honey
Don't be feared of them pearly gates,
Don't go 'round to de back,
No mo' dataway
Not evah no mo'.

Catch the simple, subtle beat of an epic blues about the ebb and flow of cities and civilizations and pick up the bluesman's onomatopoeic insinuations of tradition in the sighting of the elemental, everlasting wind:

Memphis go
Memphis come back,
Ain' no skin
Off de nigger's back.
All dese cities
Ashes, rust . . .
De win' sing sperrichals
Through deir dus'.

Literary variations on the oral forms of ballad, work song, spiritual, and blues, these poems prepare the ear for the voices of *No Hiding Place*, Brown's second book of poetry, a volume turned down in the late 1930s and seen for the first time in its entirety only in the *Collected Poems*. In "Old Lem," an old Southern Negro spits out a story so strongly and stubbornly paced that each word seems a stone that might indeed break bones some day:

I had a buddy
Six foot of man
Muscles up perfect
Game to the heart
They don't come by ones
Outworked and outfought
Any man or two men
They don't come by twos
he spoke out of turn
At the commissary
They gave him a day
To git out the county.
He didn't take it.
He said 'Come and get me.'
They came and got him.
And they came by tens.

OTHER POEMS are spoken in double voices. Folk speech counterpoints a plain-spoken American vernacular. And sometimes the narrator's American vernacular modulates into the Afro-American folk voice. Consider, for example, the opening and closing couplets from the last stanza of the blues-ballad, "Ma Rainey":

I talked to a fellow, an' the fellow say,
'She jes' catch hold of us
some kindaway.' . . .

Dere wasn't much more de fellow say:
She jes' gits hold of us dataway.

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Notice the changes. The indefinite "somekindaway" yields to the definite "dataway" because between the two couplets the fellow has testified to Ma Rainey's effect on the people, on an occasion when he and the poet were witnesses to her performance. And there is something else. The poet's idiom becomes one with the fellow's folk speech. *The* becomes *de*, and the quotation marks fall away to signify that the poet's voice has become truly the voice of the folk. In such poetry Brown writes what Yeats called "the book of the people."

Unsurprisingly, in view of Brown's commitment to critical realism, the song Ma Rainey sings to "get way inside" the folk is "Backwater Blues," a blues Bessie Smith was moved to write when, riding the train, she witnessed the devastation of the 1927 flood. ("Bessie had a greater voice," according to Brown. "Bessie was the empress of the blues, but Ma taught her and Ma was really the authentic folk singer.") That authenticity enables Brown, like Ma Rainey, to move the people beyond pain and loss to a depth of wonder akin to love, and to a will to overcome. In "Cabaret," Brown superimposes on the Southern landscape a Chicago nightclub scene. Underneath, like the discontinuous layers of allusion in *The Waste Land*, are other landscapes: the natural one of bottom land and backwater in Arkansas and Mississippi, the moral one of the folk as they "huddle, mute, uncomprehending," and beneath these the historical landscape of slavery. Of the 1927 flood Brown recalls: "I was in Missouri teaching then. And I saw the Missouri in flood. I saw the Mississippi, I saw Arkansas at that time. And then I go into the cabaret [the Black and Tan in Chicago] and hear the popular muddy water business and the contrast struck me." In "Cabaret," an M.C. shows off falsely the Negro chorus girls, his voice receding before the unforgotten voice of a slave auctioneer. These Brown interrupts with two vernaculars, one satiric, the other brooding and biblical, but all of the above yield to the vicious sentimentality of the *Muddy Water* lyrics. In these cabaret landscapes the folk are wholly mute, voiceless. Here the musicians are exploited and worse off spiritually than the Southern Negroes who are casualties of the flood. Here there is no performance in the testamental, rejuvenating manner of the blues, only an entertainment degrading to both Negro personality and tradition.

In still other poems Brown assumes the voice of a chronicler who, as poet and storyteller too, weaves fact and fiction, anecdote and legend together into narrative portraits and commentaries. And the voice reflects Brown's fidelity to a vernacular shared by all Americans. The climax of "Strange Legacies," for instance, is spoken by an "old nameless couple in Red River bottom." To utter their will to continue in the teeth of their lives' devastation by the forces of man and nature, they use a vernacular similar to that spoken by Frost's or Robinson's people:

> Guess we'll give it one mo' try.
> Guess we'll give it one mo' try.

For Brown the courage of actual and legendary heroes like Jack Johnson and John Henry flows from, and is nourished by, the folk. In addition, and here is where American vernacular and Brown's overall American audience come in, the old nameless couple's effort and idiom are in the best American tradition. It is a tradition whose democratic voice and responsibility were affirmed by Robert Frost in "In Dives' Dive," a poem repeatedly quoted and brilliantly commented on by Sterling Brown:

> As long as the Declaration guards,
> My right to be equal in number of cards,
>
> It is nothing to me who runs the Dive.
> Let's have a look at another five.

Declaring himself once more in the 1970s—his seventies as well—Sterling Brown uttered a confession of faith.

> I am an integrationist, though that is an ugly word, because I know what segregation really was. And by integration, I do not mean assimilation. I believe what the word means—an integer is a whole number. I want to be in the best American tradition. I want to be accepted as a whole man.

Nothing he has written better testifies to that wholeness of tradition and personality than "Strong Men." To make it, Brown cast Carl Sandburg's vernacular line into the Afro-American vernacular:

> *The strong men keep coming on.*
> —Sandburg
>
> The strong men keep a-comin' on
> The strong men git stronger . . .

Written in 1929, the poem and its superb refrains express a gathering of forces as Brown anticipates the people massing their voices and bodies as of course men, women, and children were to do in the South and in Brown's Washington, D.C. during the 1950s and 1960s. Like so much of Brown's best work, "Strong Men" recapitulates the past and points the way to the toughness of character and vision required for the struggle in coming days.

The same compassionate, continuing, compelling strength marks the more intimate poems. "Long Track Blues" testifies to the grief of love in a particularly haunting way because its singer speaks of losses both calculable and incalculable, the twin losses of departure and death:

> Went down to the yards
> To see the signal lights come on'
> Looked down the track
> Where my lovin' babe done gone.
>
> Red light in my block
> Green light down the line
> Lawdy, let yo' green light
> Shine down on that babe o'mine.

From the whistle of distant trains, from the expanse of track, from the hurt, Brown's sure simplicity of rhythm and idiom makes affirming music.

What better homage to Sterling Brown than the wish of "Long Track Blues?" A book of essays in the works, his memoirs in progress, a poem or two forming in his head, "Sister Goose" and other tales waiting to be told again, at eighty-one Sterling Brown lives the refrain from "Strong Men," that poem he believes "still tells the essential truth about the position of my people." Like the archetypal Afro-Americans in his poem, he remains out there, exposed, on the line: a strong man, gittin' stronger.

COMING:

C. Vann Woodward on White Supremacy in South Africa and America.

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To Kill The Killer

Namesake
by Michel Goldberg

(Yale University Press, 192 pp., $13.95)

The author of this book has an important story to tell, and whenever he sticks to it, faithful to the curve of event, he writes well. But being a contemporary Frenchman, he cannot rest with a story and so has to add epigrammatic decoration, dropping to what I'm inclined to call mere literature.

At the end of World War II, a French boy, aged six, knew himself as Michel Cojot. In reality he was Michel Goldberg and his father had been a Polish Jewish tailor shipped off to Auschwitz, never to return. After the war his mother married a gentile Frenchman: she was weary of Jewish burdens and hoped her second husband, or at least his name, would provide some protection. But Michel learned about his true identity and felt, he tells us, that "it was like killing the father a second time."

The boy also learned, from schoolboys still infected with anti-Semitism, that he could not be a Frenchman and a Jew at the same time—he might *want* to, but the others would not let him. He suffered mockery in school ("recess became a nightmare"); he bore a stigma but knew nothing about its value. And about his actual father he knew almost nothing except that he was dead. "I didn't know on what date to mourn my father so I mourned him any old time, whenever I felt sad or too happy, whenever I missed him or felt guilty for not missing him."

Michel grew up to be a great success; he worked compulsively, breathed competitiveness, and could be ruthless in the quest for money. A brilliant young banker, he kept hungering for "a second million, a new promotion, another decoration, another victory." That there might be other ways to live and things to live for, he barely knew.

Sent by his bank to La Paz, Bolivia—he is vague about dates—he stumbled across the information that one of the S.S. butchers, Klaus Barbie, who had been responsible for shipping his father to the extermination camps, was now hiding in Bolivia. The fantasy that seized Michel Goldberg is one that must have troubled millions of other survivors these last few decades: to kill the killer, to avenge in blood the murder of one's father, and thereby, perhaps, to overcome Jewish self-contempt and regain a measure of dignity. But there was one difference: Goldberg actually began to act upon that fantasy.

He practiced with a pistol. He tracked down the S.S. man. Posing as a journalist, he interviewed Barbie, and some of the strongest pages in this book consist of their recorded conversation, in which the killer spouts exactly the sort of mindless trivialities that a TV script might assign him. Denying that he was responsible for deporting a group of Jewish orphans from France, Barbie says:

> That wasn't me, it was Eichmann. I was responsible for the struggle against the Resistance—in other words, against Communism. The anti-Jewish struggle was the work of special commandos who hardly saluted me on arrival and departure.

That priceless last sentence is worth pondering: such is the mind of a mass murderer.

Once cut off from the organizational apparatus of killing, Barbie turned out to be "a run-of-the-mill monster," vapid and feeble. "What bothered me most," writes Goldberg, "was not having felt the flash of hatred I had expect. . . . It was difficult for me to think that destroying 'that' would change much in the world or in my suffering."

Goldberg saw Barbie a second time, at close range and with a pistol in his pocket. It would have been easy to kill the Nazi, yet he did not shoot. Why? Because some residue of Jewish "pacifism" remained in his soul? Because he realized intuitively that the whole enterprise had become futile?

On his decision not to kill the killer Goldberg offers two comments, the first profound and the second mere cant. It is very much worth comparing them.

> The man responsible for the death of some ten thousand men, women and children, usually in hideous circumstances, cannot be punished for his crimes. What is cutting off the few years remaining to him compared to the deportation to Auschwitz and the death of the forty-one orphans of Izieu, the oldest of whom was thirteen? . . . What is death to a man who has worn the uniform with skull and crossbones? No, justice will never be done.

That is right: justice will never be done. Nothing can "redeem" or make up for the Holocaust, neither act nor speech, not even memory.

Goldberg's second reflection is that in La Paz he did, however, "kill a Nazi . . . but not the one I had planned to kill." He killed "myself, the person I had been up to then." Now we can readily suppose that Goldberg is accurate when he tells us that in his earlier years he had been a thoroughly unattractive person, a grasping bourgeois *arriviste*; but he should not preen himself, he was not a Nazi. And it is the sheerest indulgence, though of a sort fashionable in certain high-minded circles, to speak as Goldberg does about himself. There is a difference between a boor or even a pig and a mass murderer; and it is a matter of some moral importance to be clear about the difference.

Michel Goldberg's story remains a story of great consequence: to kill the killer? Would it matter? Could it help? The problem that is raised by Goldberg's experience is not to be glossed over or interpreted away; it must simply be kept. But I wish he had not embroidered it with sententious remarks about man's fate and the redemptive power of "love." I wish he had allowed his story to emerge in its essential bareness. I wish Michel Goldberg, the scarred Jew, had not taken as literary collaborator Michel Cojot, the scion of literary France.

Irving Howe

Irving Howe's *A Margin of Hope: An Intellectual Autobiography*, was recently published by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich.

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I Contain Mobs

What Was Literature? Class Culture and Mass Society by Leslie Fiedler

(Simon and Schuster, 336 pp., $14.95)

Three pages into *What Was Literature?*, Leslie Fiedler packs within parentheses a punch at "troubled elitists turning typically to French." But if such people betray themselves by using a term like *jeu d'esprit* (Fiedler's example), where does this leave their accuser? Fiedler, whose style feels free to exercise *force majeur* and *droit du seigneur*; who introduces us to an *arriviste*, a *poète maudit*, and more than one *enfant terrible*; who points the finger at *demi-vierges*; who urges, and reurges, *Épatez la bourgeoisie*, and who looks down upon *haute cuisine* and *haute couture* and *la vie bohème*; who is *plus royaliste que le roi*; and who opens a *débat*, with *cinéastes* and the *auteur*—is there not something self-contradictory about this author's hauteur?

Hypocrite lecteur?, a reader might wonder, or *hypocrite auteur*, if it weren't that he'd thereby be betraying that he is a troubled elitist turning typically to French. But again Fiedler—who is by turns a troubled elitist, an untroubled elitist, and a troubled non-elitist, but never never quite what he yearns to be: an untroubled non-elitist—is ahead of the game even here. "I am, I must confess, still enough of a vestigial elitist to be ashamed of my vulnerability (and yours, *hypocrite lecteur*) to so gross an appeal." It is a perfect Fiedler turn, not least in being a case of what he would call, and would scorn others for calling, *reculer pour mieux sauter*. For the very next sentence is this: "Nonetheless, I suspect that what chastens pride (rather than feeds it, like the ability to respond to refined sensibility or hermetic allusions) cannot be all bad." Pretty cool, to allude not only to Baudelaire but to T. S. Eliot's allusion to Baudelaire, and then at once to disdain those who go in for such allusions. "I was not Matthew Arnold nor was meant to be, but only a culture-climbing Jewish boy": the allusive largesse is princely.

But throughout the book this is what Fiedler, a brilliantly irresponsible polemicist, is up to. Just when you might accuse him of something (too many French phrases or literary allusions), you are to register that it is he who ups and reviles those who use French phrases or literary allusions. He is endlessly fertile, and weavingly repetitive, in all those self-admonishments that function as self-exculpations. "I must confess" is one of them. There are so many of these mock-confessions as to amount to Fiedler's self-absolution. So when he says that he finds something "hard to confess," one wants to rib him. Nobody finds it easier—or more handy—to confess than does old Fiedler. The word is at the heart of what is, for me, the ugliest moment in a book that urges us not to worry about sado-masochism so long as it has "mythopoeic power":

> Finally, however, she [Scarlett O'Hara] *likes* it (as perhaps only a female writer would dare to confess, though there are echoes of D.H. Lawrence in the passage), likes being mastered by the dark power of the male, likes being raped.

Fiedler's dark power is verbal cunning; it was there in the feint of "still enough of a vestigial elitist . . .," and "vestigial elitism" puts in a further couple of appearances in the confessional, as does its accomplice "vestigial scorn." These are all designed to clear Fiedler of any suspicions of sanctimony.

The matter as well as the manner of this book is riven with contradictions, but in some ways it may be more important, or prior, to detect the manner's sleights and their plan to let Fiedler get away with having both his non-elitist cake and his elitist "let them eat cake." There is the combination of general fierceness with particular prudence; we hear repeatedly about the evil folly of "certain contemporary American critics" (as of "certain high-minded colleagues," "certain insecure fictionists," "certain old-line Anglophile professors," "certain aging professors," "certain cryptanalytical critics," and "certain moralistic enemies"), but who exactly they are remains discreetly uncertain. The rhetoric is all of brave defiance, the tactic is all of giving no hostages. Very few names are named, and nobody whose position arguingly opposes Fiedler's is ever engaged at any length or unshadowily. Here too Fiedler's audacity is thrillingly disreputable. Reminiscing, he despises one of his "fellow panelists, an indurated Francophile elitist of the old school," for believing that he, Fiedler, had sold out: "Like Alex Haley, she probably would have specified, had she deigned to recognize his humble existence." But this very woman, who is being condemned for not having the courage or the grace to specify, and for not deigning to recognize someone's existence, is herself being left unspecified and unnamed by Fiedler, who will not deign to recognize *her* existence. It is very easy, and very cheap, this unnaming anecdotal blackguarding and bluster.

BUT THEN when Fiedler is specific, he is often specifically misleading. Since he is no fool, one had better be alert to the ends this serves. Take what sounds like an innocent preamble: "From biographical sources. . . ."

> From biographical sources, I learn that Eliot admired the music-hall singer Marie Lloyd, and that he kept an autographed picture of Groucho Marx on his office wall. But all this smacks to me of "camp" and condescension, suggesting that he only liked pop culture when it "knew its place" (like the Irish, the Jews or other lesser breeds), not when it competed with its betters, like Shakespeare—and Eliot.

Now it is indeed from biographical sources that Fiedler learns about the Groucho Marx photograph, but it is not—or it should not be—from biographical sources that he learns that Eliot admired Marie Lloyd. For Eliot made public his thoughts and feelings about Marie Lloyd, reasoningly and exactly; and it is not to be believed that Fiedler has failed to read the *Selected Essays* of T. S. Eliot. Why then does Fiedler insinuate that it is "from biographical sources" that he learns of Eliot's admiration for Marie Lloyd? First, because it is then the easier to accuse Eliot of condescension and "camp," since it makes it sound as if this admiration were reserved for some separate place of archness (knowing its place) in Eliot's life, cut off from that which he was in earnest about; and anyway the accusation is the more easily made if there can be no question of our checking it—it being biographical only—against Eliot's actual published words, his actual tone. Second, the implication that all we have to go on in the matter is some unspecified biographical source allows Fiedler to avert our eyes from Eliot's having here mounted a radical argument on exactly the subject of Fiedler's book:

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Class Culture and Mass Society. Fiedler manifestly couldn't like Eliot's argument, not so much because it differs from Fiedler's (though it does) as because it also doesn't—and the points where it resembles Fiedler are a styptic demonstration of Fiedler's primitive rawness in comparison with the Eliot of sixty years ago. It is not so much that Fiedler doesn't like Eliot's essay on Marie Lloyd as that he doesn't like its existing. Hence the pretense that it doesn't. "From biographical sources, I learn. . . ."

Eager to accuse Eliot and others of condescension, Fiedler affects not to notice that the accusation can itself be condescending. He has no qualms about employing what is certainly the most condescending form of all, the one that is preceded by a drawl: "rather condescendingly" and "a little condescendingly" put in several appearances.

ON EVERY IMPORTANT matter in this book, Fiedler is in contradiction with himself. This is not a case of an elaborately scrupulous account such as necessarily includes exact reservations, but simply of political shudderings and judderings. Fiedler might retort that, very well, he contradicts himself, he contains multitudes. They are not multitudes, but mobs.

Part One is called "Subverting the Standards." The contradictions arrive at once, for nothing could be more comfy than our old friend *subverting*. No piece of academic radicalism would feel at home without it. Fiedler, who spurns "the New Critics' cant of the time" (the word "tragic," as it happens), welcomes all the newest critics' cant of our time: "subvert" on every page, flanked repeatedly by the deathly "viable" and the hollow "resonant." Then there are those standards. Fiedler, who knows that some works of art, whether elitist or popular, are better than others, can't do without standards but can't bear the elitist sound of them. So he simply puts the word into inverted commas whenever he is talking about anybody else's criticism, while reserving the right to speak of his own uninverted standards when it suits his book. All the crucial terms of the argument move in and out of inverted commas for polemical convenience: "serious," "classics," "artist," "pornographic," "poetry," and of course "literature."

Is there or is there not such a thing as literature? "What used to be called 'literature,' " and "what used to be 'literature.' " This way of speaking is then to be found untroubled, within the same covers, in the company of such uninverted usages as these: popular literature; the distinction between literature and science; literature cannot be separated from history; the split between High Literature and low; an event in the realm of the marketplace rather than of literature; and not as literature but as myth.

Fiedler is enthralled by his new freedom, his managing to "end up as a Pop Critic" (upper case here, lower case later); he is learning "to speak the language of popular literature." He does nothing to reconcile this claim with the language he actually speaks, a language aloft. The page that announces his popness needs to murmur "iconic," and before long we are meeting such undemotic words as "demotic" and such unpop words as "mythologem," "oneiric," "epigones," and "eucatastrophes."

Again, should there or should there not be a canon? Once more our academic radical runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. Since half of his book is called "Opening up the Canon," there presumably not only is a canon but will continue to be one. But Fiedler hates himself for being only a reformist, and wants to be an apocalyptic revolutionary. ("The time for a third revolution in English studies is at hand.") He therefore has to dissociate himself from such reformism as would open up the canon. So he disparages those whose efforts ended "by merely substituting a new canon for the old," as if his own enterprise of opening up the canon (to *Gone with the Wind* and *Roots*) were not itself inevitably the creation of a new canon. He expresses his dislike of Kahlil Gibran and Rod McKuen and some of Tolkien, saying of some pop critics that "I myself could not care less whether certain of their favorite printed poems ever make it into the canon or not."

But then he has to pull himself together, or rather apart, since his radical credentials are imperiled by the very idea of a canon, whether opened up or not. Luckily he has at hand the usual evasive formula. "That the very notion of a 'canon' had been called into question by the rise of mass culture I was not yet prepared to grant." So the word canon, which is essential to his arguments, and which must there repeatedly stand straight without inverted commas, is now made conveniently equivocal, and is

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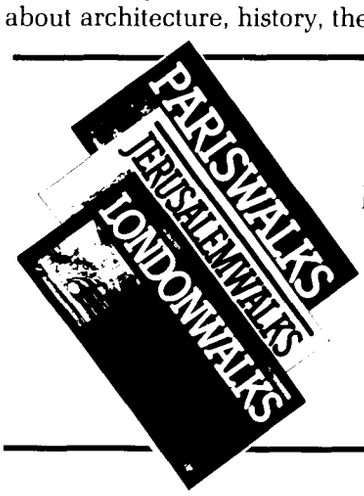

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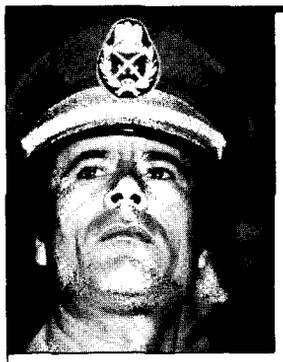

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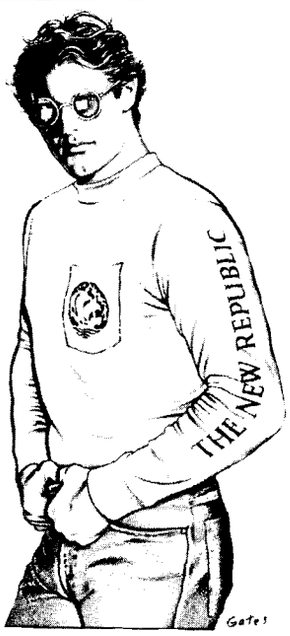

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followed by that other evasion everywhere practiced by radical insinuation: "called into question." The implication is that the very notion of a canon has not only been called into question, but that the ensuing answer is that the notion was cogently exposed as an illusion. But this last bit would actually have asked some work, some sustained argument. Better then to leave it at insinuation merely.

Sometimes Fiedler says that there is, or should be (a different thing), no distinction between high art and popular art. Sometimes he speaks as if there is such a distinction. Sometimes he speaks as if the greatest art satisfied the widest range of criteria. There is obviously something to be said for all of the positions he takes, but nothing to be said for a book that tosses them all in, one by one, to suit its polemical convenience.

THE LURCHES and vacillations reach down even into the matter about which Fiedler cares most. He announces that he is taking the first steps "toward creating a new kind of criticism"; this then turns out to be nothing new either to him or to those who have read him, but his old story that there are writers of "great mythopoeic powers." The story is not the worse for being old, but it should not be billed as new, especially as the need to insist on novelty forces Fiedler into some demeaning disparagements of his earlier, better, work. Fiedler in his prime would not have allowed himself so many of those *somehows* that are exactly what a critic has to convert into a true *how*. One page has "images which seem to exist somehow before and after, outside those words," and "somehow irrelevant"; another page has "somehow laughable," "somehow their own," and "somehow preeminently so"; and elsewhere there is the usual burly cop-out: "yet somehow so magically moving," and "somehow they had remained archetypally inert."

But the nub of the contradiction is the question of whether or not literature is, among other things, to be valued because it does good. Fiedler repeatedly disdains moralists and their claim for art as having "redeeming social values," as educational or pious; he is outspoken in not countenancing any talk of art as enhancing life or as making us more worthy. But his own mythic criticism is itself no less didactic and moralistic, despite its different emphasis. For myth, in Fiedler's view, teaches us. Its literature "teaches us that the impulse [to transgress taboos]

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preexists in the deep psyches of us all." Fiedler can speak of the value of his beloved myths as being their serving as "psycho-social therapy." Since this is one of the most priggish positions a critic could take, Fiedler naturally can't stand it, and three pages later he can be found jeering at Bruno Bettelheim on fairy tales:

> After all, Bruno Bettelheim has recently given them the psychiatric seal of approval in his *Uses of Enchantment*, assuring us that such childhood classics (he is much less approving of latter-day schlock out of, say, the Disney Studios) are *good* for them, and for us in our relationship with them.

Why this repudiation, those italics? Because Fiedler is pretending that his myths —valued as "psycho-social therapy"— somehow aren't receiving his "psychiatric seal of approval," aren't being offered as "*good* for" us.

He allows himself the laudatory terms of therapy ("it is indeed an essential function of literature to release in us unnatural impulses"), while refusing such terms to those who accept the "clinical assurance that 'privileged insanity' is finally therapeutic and therefore okay." He allows himself that which he denies to, say, any Christian critic: the right to praise things as "refreshing to the spirit." He allows himself the terms of religion ("a recourse to the dark powers in quest of salvation"), while refusing such terms to all those who locate salvation elsewhere.

The untroubled elitist, reading *What Was Literature?*, is likely—turning typically to French—to be troubled by a strong sense of *déjà lu*. What *was* it? Then it comes back. All this about a man's education into the anti-priggish worldly truth; the love of "lucre," and the love of such a word; the knowing little allusions to T. S. Eliot, and the repeated adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's "dirty little secret"; the pseudo-confessions, the self-praises, the air of courageous candor along with the unnaming prudence; the scorn for "the American anti-success story," and the "realizing how in our world nothing succeeds like failure": all this, and that one reiterated turn of phrase, snuffed by the hardest of hard noses: "the American dream of 'making it'," "the guilt we have long been trained to think of as the inevitable accompaniment of making it," "aspiring to make it". . . . Of course! So could it be that in the past Leslie Fiedler has published not only (as he tells us) under the name of "John Simon," but under that of "Norman Podhoretz"?

CHRISTOPHER RICKS

Christopher Ricks is professor of English at Christ's College, Cambridge University.

IS ANATOMY DESTINY?

A History of Women's Bodies by Edward Shorter

(Basic Books, 398 pp., $24.95)

While I was reading this book, my wife casually asked me about it. When I showed her the title, she asked suspiciously if "it was another one of your salacious books?" And, given the title, which even the author admits to being "lurid," one might think so. In fact, though, as I self-righteously told my wife, the book is about the sufferings of women's bodies, or more accurately, the physical trials of women.

However, Edward Shorter, professor of history at the University of Toronto, goes beyond merely documenting the sufferings of women in childbirth, under the sexual assaults of husbands in the bad old pre-industrial days, and in the course of abortions. Shorter's primary thesis is that women suffered more than men. His second is that because women were physically so badly off they had a poor sense of self; they accepted, until fairly recently in this century, that they were really not important. Third, he argues that it is because women were generally so sickly and so lacking in self-confidence that there was no feminist movement of much significance until the twentieth century. (Indeed, on page 285 Shorter says that "this book began in an effort to find the origins of modern feminism.") And his fourth thesis is that around 1930 women's health improved greatly. Shorter admits that "the evidence is, thus far, purely circumstantial, but it suggests to me that the first great wave of feminist enthusiasm [that is, the achievement of women's suffrage] was made possible by the securing of good health for women."

TO MAKE HIS POINT that women suffered more than men, Shorter spends almost the entire book detailing—and I mean detailing—the myriad infirmities, atrocities, diseases, bloodletting, mutilations, and cruelties to which women have been subjected in the name of medicine or in the pursuit of health over the last several hundred years. Much of this, to be sure, is well known, though rarely has it been documented in such excruciating detail. One can here learn about the specific methods of abortion in the eighteenth century, the various ways of removing dead fetuses before Caesarean section was perfected, and the ways of killing fetuses when they could not be born naturally. Since only women give birth to children, it follows that no man can suffer what a woman does. There is only a half-hearted effort to discuss the gender-specific infirmities men suffered in the past—principally diseases of the prostate gland. They, however, are quickly dismissed, since they did not hit men during the prime of life as women's ills generally did. No mention is made of wars; occupational, or industrial hazards; or other *social* causes of specifically masculine morbidity or mortality. It is not that I want to award a prize for suffering to males rather than to females, only that I think comparative statements ought to be supported by truly comparative evidence.

That Shorter has left out any discussion of suffering or diseases that derive from the different social or economic lives of men and women alerts us to the essential nature of this history. It is a medical, rather than a social history. As Shorter himself acknowledges at the outset, the preponderance of his sources are medical reports, largely those of physicians and hospitals. And that explains why the second and third theses are really no more than speculations. He makes no effort to show from historical records that women in the nineteenth and earlier centuries *felt* inferior because of their ill health; he simply asserts it.

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For, in the end, he is not studying the reactions of the sufferers so much as the medical causes of the sufferings.

Indeed, as soon as one tries to test in one's mind his main point that feminism arose as a consequence of better health, doubts begin to surface. Wasn't there a rather significant feminist movement in the United States in the *nineteenth century*, before women's health improved? Wasn't there one in England and Germany as well? Were the women who helped settle the American, Australian, or Canadian frontiers too sickly to have a sense of their own worth? Isn't the subordination of women the result of a much more complex history than the physical suffering women endured? Was suffering all that pervasive among them, or peculiar to them?

Apparently Shorter senses these weaknesses in his thesis, for he is at pains to dispute one familiar piece of evidence against his case, namely, the common view that women live longer than men, and always have. For if women's sufferings have been as severe as his admittedly anecdotal evidence suggests, how is it that women have managed to live longer than men? His handling of this apparent anomaly is, I think, a little slippery. First of all, he concedes that "in the past, female life expectancy on the whole ended up slightly higher than male." That, of course, is also the present pattern, though today it is more than "slightly higher"; white women in the United States in 1978 could expect to live 7.6 years more, on the average, than white men. Shorter, however, does not want to accept that general advantage for women, for to do so would weaken his case. What he does then is to ask if there were any ages during which female mortality was higher than male. And, of course, there were: the years between ages five and twenty and between 30 and 40 for married women. He contends that these periods of vulnerability for women were more important than the years when males were most vulnerable—such as soon after birth, or after 35. He then seeks to account for these periods of greater vulnerability for women by examining the various diseases or conditions that may have put women at greater risk than men. One might think that his point would be that women's bodies were a part of the cause inasmuch as only women give birth, but, as he candidly admits, the statistics will not support that simple conclusion. In the end, he has no explanation. He concludes that "by the first quarter of our own century, for *inexplicable* reasons, the greater vulnerability of women than men in certain age groups to disease had come to an end" (emphasis added). All of which brings us back to his fourth thesis that early in the twentieth century women's health dramatically improved and feminism flourished thereafter.

What did this improvement consist of, aside from a lowering of mortality? Primarily it was the result of easier births for women, and availability of Caesarean sections, and abortions. The year 1930, in Shorter's estimation, marks not only the onset of a better deal for women in childbirth, but also a better deal for babies. Shorter argues that doctors first became concerned about the fetus only in the 1920s (even though he certainly must know that the medical profession was behind the anti-abortion legislation of the nineteenth century). What this "discovery" of the fetus meant was that women, who Shorter claims were at that time just on the verge of gaining control over their bodies, lost that control to doctors, who were then shifting their attention from preserving the mother's life to producing healthy babies. (Actually, women's control was still far in the future, since abortion was then illegal.) To achieve that goal, all phases of pregnancy had to be controlled by the medical profession and births had to take place in hospitals rather than in homes. "In return for surrendering their autonomy," Shorter concludes, "women today receive pink, brisk babies. *Nobody dies.* And the 'birth experience' is valued as

TAR

The first morning of Three Mile Island: those first disquieting, uncertain, mystifying hours.
All morning a crew of workmen have been tearing the old, decrepit roof off our building,
And all morning, trying to distract myself, I've been wandering out to watch them
As they hack away the leaden layers of asbestos paper and disassemble the disintegrating drains.
After half a night of listening to the news, wondering how to know a hundred miles downwind
If and when to make a run for it and where, then a coming bolt awake at seven
When the roofers we've been waiting for since winter sent their ladders shrieking up our wall,
We still know less than nothing; the utility commission continues making little of the accident,
The slick federal spokesmen still have their evasions in some semblance of order.
Surely we suspect by now we're being lied to, in the meantime, though, there are the roofers,
Setting winch-frames, sledging rounds of tar apart, and there I am, on the other curb, gawking.

I never realized what brutal work it is, how matter of factly and harrowingly dangerous.
The ladders flex and quiver, things skid from the edge, the materials are bulky and recalcitrant.
When the rusty, antique nails are levered out, their heads pull off; the under-roofing crumbles.
Even the battered little furnace, roaring along as patient as a donkey, chokes and clogs,
A dense, malignant smoke shoots up and someone has to fiddle with a cock, then hammer it,
Before the gush and stench will deintensify, the dark, Dantean broth wearily subside.
In its crucible, the stuff looks bland, like licorice; spill it, though, on your boots or coveralls,

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a basic part of womanhood," he says perhaps too emphatically, but largely correctly.

Now we come to Shorter's methods of research and analysis. On one level the book is remarkable for the thoroughness of the research behind it—some sixty pages of backnotes in very small print, twenty-eight pages of appendices to support the various tables in the text, historical literature and statistics drawn from many countries and written in at least five languages. Despite the volume and variety of his evidence, however, Shorter fails to marshal his data to construct a persuasive argument. Again and again he supports a general point either by a report from a single hospital or physician, or by evidence from different countries and at different times, none of which, of course, is standard historical procedure. For example, in trying to show changes in the causes of deaths in childbirth, he constructs a series drawn from Baden, Germany for 1864 to 1866, New York City, 1930 to 1932, and the United States in 1976! Of course the figures show that there were changes over time, but one must wonder if the conclusion has validity since it is drawn from three different places under quite different circumstances. To assume, as Shorter does, that evidence from any one country can show what was happening in any other country or city, that the different history or circumstances of those various locales had little or no effect upon the women who lived and suffered in them, is to violate traditional methods of historical analysis. Cultural context is fundamental in all social historical explanations or descriptions. Can we believe, for example, as Shorter would have us, that a Latvian folk saying reveals anything about how the British or Americans felt about women, or sex, or life?

In addition to his overt theses, Shorter also has a covert one. It is that modern feminists have misread the history of women. This point comes through most obviously in the argument that a feminist movement emerged only in the twentieth century, though most of us thought that the beginnings, at least in the U.S., were early in the nineteenth. Beyond that are Shorter's several references throughout the book to the ways in which midwives mishandled childbirths and how women lacked any control over childbearing, all in pointed contradiction to some recent feminist assertions.

SHORTER'S revisionist view, as well as his method, raises questions. So, even more, does his failure to examine the underlying assumption of his book, namely, that human values are derived or shaped by material things. Hardly unique with Shorter, this kind of argument is frequently made in regard to technology; it was an invention or technical innovation, such reasoning goes, that sparked a new conception of the world or of ideas. Shorter puts it this way: "It is impossible that these momentous changes [in medical practices] have been without impact on the way women view sexuality, the pleasures of raising children, and the nature of their relations with men." Yet the causal relation may not be that simple. We know, for example, that changes in technology are often not accidental, but frequently arise out of social needs; they are often the result of changes in social values rather than being themselves the source of those changes. We also know that technical innovations can come forward as accidents, but if the social soil is inhospitable they do not develop further (as happened with the steam engine in antiquity).

In sum, rather than seeing the improvement in women's health as a source of feminism, it seems much more likely that a rising self-awareness among women—and a new concern among men for women—caused doctors to think anew about how they treated or cared for women and thus to alter their behavior. Shorter himself comes close to making this point when he shows that the shift from home to hospital for births resulted largely from women's recognition that a

It sears, and everything is permeated with it, the furnace gunked with
burst and half-burst bubbles,
The men themselves so completely slashed and mucked they seem
almost from another realm, like trolls.
When they take their break, they leave their brooms standing at
attention in the asphalt pails,
Work-gloves clinging like Brer Rabbit to the bitten shafts, and they
slouch along the lip,
The enormous sky behind them, the heavy noontime air alive with
shimmers and mirages.

Sometime in the afternoon, I had to go inside: the advent of our vigil
was upon us.
However much we didn't want to, however little we would do about it,
we'd understood:
We were going to perish of all this, if not now, then soon, if not soon,
then someday.
Someday, some final generation, hysterically aswarm beneath an atmo-
sphere as unrelenting as rock,
Would rue us all, anathematize our earthly comforts, curse our surfeits
and submissions.
I think I know, though I might rather not, why my roofers stay so clear
to me and why the rest,
The terror of that time, the reflexive disbelief and distancing, all we
should hold onto, dims so.
I remember the president in his absurd protective booties, looking
absolutely unafraid, the fool.
I remember a woman on the front page glaring across the misty
Susquehanna at those looming stacks.
But, more vividly, the men, silvered with glitter from the shingles,
clinging like starlings beneath the eaves.
Even the left-over carats of tar in the gutter, so black they seemed to
suck the light out of the air.
By nightfall, kids had come across them, every sidewalk on the block
was scribbled with obscenities and hearts.

C. K. WILLIAMS

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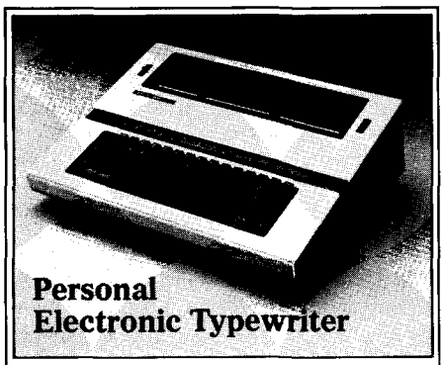
hospital was safer for them. Certainly there is good reason to believe that the legalization of abortion in the late twentieth century came about not because men wanted it, but because women in a growing woman's movement insisted upon it. And though today it is common to trace the origins of the so-called sexual revolution to the invention of the Pill, technical control over births is much more likely to be improved *because* people want to limit fertility rather than the other way around. We know, for instance, that during the nineteenth century when average family size declined by 50 percent in the United States, no new contraceptive devices or information were being disseminated. Rather, the search for better contraceptives was sparked by a shift in values that long preceded the Pill.

The point is that medical history can help us to understand how particular medical changes came about, and Shorter's book contains much valuable information on that. By itself, however, medical history, insofar as it is a history of techniques, cannot persuasively account for social movements, such as the rise of feminism. The connection between material changes and values cannot be demonstrated by simply describing the former and assuming their social and psychological impact on human beings; it must be done by looking into the documents left by those human beings, that is, into those sources that give us clues about what was going on in the heads and hearts of the people whose values changed.

CARL N. DEGLER

Carl N. Degler, professor of history at Stanford University, is the author of *At Odds: Women and the Family in America; 1776 to the Present* (Oxford University Press).



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CAESAR'S CONQUESTS

Where Have I Been? An Autobiography by Sid Caesar and Bill Davidson

(Crown, 288 pp., $13.95)

Fame, wealth, talent, and glory don't guarantee happiness. There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this, but should anyone have forgotten, this book provides a useful reminder.

In my time, a handful of people have appeared on the comedy scene who are without peer. If they cancel on you, you can't get someone else just like them. Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Mort Sahl, and Jonathan Winters leap to mind; people whose brilliance makes them unique. *Where Have I Been?* is about one of that select company.

Sid Caesar is a mysterious and complex man who seems to have been singled out by the gods to set two all-time records, one of dubious and unenviable distinction: to have set the high-watermark for sustained comic brilliance over a long period of years, and to have ingested enough booze and pills to kill the Lippizaner stallions. The twin mysteries of how anyone gets so talented and how anyone could abuse himself so disastrously remain unsolved. To have combined the two and survived is a miracle. And the medal for Heroic Performance by a Wife goes to Florence Caesar.

Many drunks and pill-swallowers can point to a specific moment in their decline when they realize they have hit bottom—that the choice is either the grave or recovery. So with Sid. Our story opens in a depressing make-shift dressing-room (far beneath the noble Caesar's dignity) in a hotel in Saskatchewan where he is doing the play *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*. Having repeatedly gone up in his lines for the first time in his career and finding himself disoriented onstage, a rattled Caesar is unable to return after intermission. Panic ensues, a doctor is summoned, Sid Caesar asks to be taken to the hospital. He has decided to live. Fortunately for him, and for us, he is here to tell the tale.

I used to hear rumors in the early 1970s that Sid was "in trouble" and there was the mysterious weight loss and the change in appearance that were said to be part of a new exercise regime, but very few people even in "the biz" had any notion of what he was going through. It was a real-life horror show, and a combination of his iron guts and an odd method of self-administered therapy succeeded where the head-candling profession had failed, saving the life of this greatly gifted and tortured man.

In the midst of the nightmare, he continued to work sporadically. During his worst period he even made a movie that he does not recall filming, with actors he dimly remembers meeting, in a country that is a blank in his memory. He is not bad in the movie, and herein lies one of the eternal mysteries: what is performing? What is the mysterious force that *possesses* the psychically wounded actor-performer and guides him through the shoals of neurosis, physical abuse, fatigue, and dementia so that when the show begins he is, temporarily, whole, functioning, and creative? I have seen (and had) it happen and no one knows

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Abigail to John

At the dawn of the American revolution, Abigail Adams wrote to her husband, John, that she longed to hear of American independence. She then expressed her hope that he would not neglect women in the new nation he was helping to forge.

From the Census Bureau in the past few months has emerged a steady stream of statistics detailing the findings of the 1980 census on social and economic conditions in the United States. The one statistic that stands out most graphically from this census is that for the first time ever women comprise more than half the labor force in our nation. This milestone has been reached only in the last decade, and the meaning behind this simple statistical percentage is nothing less than revolutionary. Perhaps Abigail Adams' hope finally is coming to pass.

Working women who are married now provide greater economic security to their families than ever before in American history. Their salaries are pushing family income steadily upward. In times of difficulty, they provide a safety net of financial protection. In times of economic health, they add measurably to their families' standards of living. Single, widowed, and divorced women have escaped economic uncertainty by entering the labor force and have helped sustain a generally affluent society for us all.

It may have taken longer than Abigail Adams expected, but women have become full-fledged members of the American labor force. At first they took jobs in newly created industries —the kind of jobs that traditionally were not reserved for men. This has changed dramatically in the last decade as women have climbed ahead of men in college enrollments, thus setting the stage for even greater career opportunities for women in all areas of work in the years ahead. As they accumulate more time and experience in their jobs, their income levels should increase even more.

Stereotypes are ending—and it's about time. The work force has changed. The transformation has taken place over the last 200 years, but the 1980 census shows that a significant milestone was reached only in the past ten years. The full import of this should have a sharp impact on social, economic, educational, and political institutions in the years ahead, as what's happened becomes understood and appreciated. Abigail Adams would look on this with amazement—and approval.

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how or why. I once worked with a famous actor who had to be supported on both sides coming back from lunch (here gin was the culprit) and who then gave a faultless performance of a ninety-minute live TV play. Something takes over for you. You go on automatic pilot.

I suppose it happens in other professions to a degree, but in the born performer it is a kind of weird miracle, as if other selves exist inside (as with cases of multiple personality in psychiatry) and remain untouched and unaltered by the surrounding chaos, emerging like genies from the lamp and returning when the curtain falls. Although Caesar's professional discipline precluded his showing up drunk for work (he did the damage after hours) this automatic-pilot phenomenon allowed him to work off and on during his lean years after *Your Show of Shows* and *Caesar's Hour* and to acquit himself passably if not brilliantly.

Where Have I Been? contains some fascinating behind-the-scenes stuff including the predictable instances of insensitivity and bungling on the part of the network brains who treated their golden egg as brass, and whose short-sighted greed resulted in more suffering for Caesar and less of him for us. The reader is spared nothing—the rages, the smashed furniture, vomiting on himself in Lindy's and at the dinner table at home, Mel Brooks rescued from being forcibly ejected from an upper-story window, the suffering of Sid's wife and kids—it is all there and is not a pretty sight.

An interesting sidelight is the way in which this book documents another instance of the failure of traditional methods of psychiatry to help the alcoholic and the drug-addicted. On page 164 there is a scene that is well worth the price of the book. An eminent psychoanalyst from whom Sid had sought help for drinking *orders* him to quit. Somehow, the patient manages to get through the holiday season with only three drinks rather than the three hundred he was more accustomed to. Proudly reporting this to the doctor, he is curtly dismissed and ordered from the office in a manner reminiscent of Otto Preminger playing an SS officer. Sid blows:

> I said, 'You didn't look at your watch, Kubie. You see, I've got forty minutes left on this fifty-minute hour, and you're going to sit there and listen to me. You know, Kubie, I never talked about you as a gimp, because I didn't want to make you aware that you're a gimp, a cripple, a nothing, and a man who's got no sensitivity, he's got no time. You've only got time for books—all that crap you put out to the public . . .' [Kubie orders him out of the office.]
>
> I said, 'Are you going to throw me out? Are you going to call a cop? I'll bury you in the chair there.'

The scene ends with Sid looking at his watch, announcing that his time is now up and Kubie can go count his money. Sadly, Caesar concludes that, despite his blunt insensitivity, Kubie was right; that you stop drinking not with analysis but by stopping drinking.

The above reminds me of an anecdote Mel Brooks tells hilariously about crossing a street in New York with Sid when a cabbie shouted something insulting at him. The window was closed but the wing was open. After asking him to repeat the slur, Sid asked the man if he remembered his birth. In response to, "Yeah, what of it?" Sid said, "Because you're about to re-enact it," grabbed the cabbie by the lapels and had him partway out the narrow aperture before cooler heads prevailed.

Ironies abound in the parallels between some of the most famous sketches, tantalizingly recalled in the book, and Caesar's own life. At a recent evening honoring Sid at the Museum of Broadcasting in New York, I sat behind him while the famous "Rex Handsome" sketch was screened (a silent-movie idol fails to make the transition to sound because of his squeaky voice), and marveled at how, despite the broadness of the silly sissy voice he used in contrast with the handsome physique, Sid managed to inject a note of pathos and believability into the sketch. And without Chaplin's tendency to over-sweeten the mix.

If I were making a movie of this, I would put a camera where I was, behind Sid's extra-wide shoulders, as he laughed like a surprised spectator at the antics of the fellow on the screen. Afterward, he remarked on how strange it was to watch himself in a sketch about a man whose career plummets, performed while he was bringing about the same thing in his own life. Pirandello plus.

THIS BOOK probably will revive the hoary argument about the link between neurosis and talent: if you cure the one, do you cripple the other? More than one learned volume has been written on the subject. Some artists fear that, analyzed, they will no longer feel the compulsion to work and, further, that their talent is somehow bound up with, if not caused by, the neurosis. Where the idea came from that neurosis can cause talent is anybody's guess. If true, with half the world neurotic, why isn't there more talent? I think the fallacy arises because performers and other artists find *escape* in their work. Symptom-free, they might not feel the same *need* to work, but the idea that they *couldn't* has never been demonstrated to my knowledge, any more than that a man cured of migraines loses his hair. Diana Trilling has written of a "sort of law of negative compensation" that, for example, gave Marilyn Monroe her gifts along with the ruinous personal weaknesses that, combined with the gift, produced her sad fate.

I remember having Sid on talk shows during what I now realize was his "crisis time"—almost winsomely shy as a talker, alarmingly thin, but a "shtarker" when he stood up to perform. But somehow the vital spark was missing. Now, however, he says he enjoys life like a new toy. He has survived the double-barreled ordeals of success and prolonged self-destruction, and the book has the inspirational quality of any good recovery tale. Give it to the alcoholic, the drug addict, and the comic genius on your Christmas list.

DICK CAVETT

Dick Cavett, the talk show host, is at work with Christopher Porterfield on *Eye on Cavett*, to be published by Arbor House.

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TRB, *from page 6*

unemployed in the twenty-four largest industrial countries in the capitalist world.

What should we do? Congress is likely to pass the public works/infrastructure/highway-bridge-repair program. It will be good in the long run, but probably disappointing at first. It takes years to plan such projects, and by that time the emergency phase may be over. But the work must be done sometime and might as well start.

President Reagan fortunately decided to hold off after all on the third installment of the personal income tax cut. The deficit is horrendous already, and there are better ways of giving the economy a boost. One way is to save money on arms. It's still not clear whether Congress will accept the MX missile: it seems to many to introduce a scary new element in the arms race. But MX or not, defense spending should be slowed. The projected five-year bill is $1.5 trillion through 1985.

The other big item is so-called "entitlements": Social Security and health and welfare payments. Put simply, these account for about half of all Federal spending. One group of these shouldn't be touched, or at least only gingerly; they embrace primarily Medicaid, welfare, and food stamps. They are based primarily on need or income; they are the slowest growing part of entitlement spending and account for around 16 percent of the cost. They are often the safety net for the poor and unfortunate.

A good deal of the balance goes to the middle class, and some of these returns seem overly generous. The system is going broke. Current recipients of Social Security must be assured that they will receive their current benefits, of course, but it is also essential that they have a solvent system. Some payments seem excessive. Here is an example known to TRB, an old-timer presently occupying two jobs and simultaneously drawing a federal security old-age pension on the side. The latter is tax free. Surely it should be included in the recipient's income tax.

The report to the President on Social Security from the blue-ribbon, bipartisan commission under economist Alan Greenspan is due December 31. It is the first general review of the New Deal welfare structure. I do not recall any recent issue so open to demagoguery. It is going to require extraordinary courage.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Denials

I HAVEN'T MADE a careful check, but I'd wager that few countries are still honest enough to admit to having ministries or departments of war. Are the purposes of the U.S. Department of Defense more lofty than those of the old War Department? Is the renamed enterprise now pledged not to mount an offense? In politics as in life, we often repress our most important feelings and deny our most important activities. In America the universities have participated in this great denial by allowing the study of military history to go into decline. To be sure, a student at Duke or Stanford is still able to study the history of wars and warfare, and there are yet a few independent scholars, like Edward Luttwak, working the craft. I wouldn't be surprised if right now in American universities there were more senior and doctoral theses being done on the emergence of the glass industry in France than on both world wars combined. (In Britain the scholarly tradition seems more vibrant. After the death of B. H. Liddell Hart, there are still Michael Howard and TNR contributing editor John Keegan, whose recent *Six Armies in Normandy* makes that agonizing confrontation as vivid and full of human meaning as his *The Face of Battle* made Agincourt and Waterloo and the Somme.) The horrors of war and the battle myths aimed at disguising them have turned our culture away from military studies, but the consequence will not be fewer wars or more humane ones—just wars less well understood.

ONLY IN AN ahistorical culture could commentators retain any credibility after making analogies between the Israeli siege of Beirut and the Allied bombings of Dresden, Hamburg, and Tokyo. In these three latter cities, an estimated 50,000, 70,000, and perhaps as many as 100,000 civilians respectively, perished in firestorms produced by the bombing over the course of a few days. Of course nothing remotely comparable to these vast death-happenings occurred or was intended in Beirut. Sometimes journalists are so technologically ignorant that they pass on as news the wildest, most unverified estimates. The *International Herald Tribune* of August 14 credited a P.L.O. communiqué alleging that Israeli war planes had dropped 44,000 bombs over Beirut on August 12. Colonel Trevor N. Dupuy, a scholar of military history, has observed that "no air force in the world could drop on one target the size of Beirut 44,000 bombs—4,000 per hour or 70 per minute" in the eleven hours of the bombing. Dupuy was in Beirut on August 12 and estimated that the number of bombs dropped was less than 1 percent of the reported total.

ANOTHER FORM this denial takes is to pretend that all modern wars are unpopular, with the implicit corollary that they are also unjust. We had an in-house dispute at TNR recently over just this sort of denial. Robert Brustein had written that all post-1945 wars had split the countries that waged them. We persuaded him that this simply was not true, so we were left with "many" of these wars being divisive. One instance he cited was the Soviet war in Afghanistan. On this he insisted and the editors insisted; a compromise of sorts was reached. It reads: "one suspects" that the Afghani war has divided Soviet public opinion. Unfortunately, there is no evidence for that suspicion. In fact, the evidence is that the populace knows almost nothing about that war save that it is being waged against counterrevolutionary agents of American imperialism, and that many of their sons are returning in coffins. So here's an unjust war whose unpopularity is far from certain. The U.S.S.R. is not, alas, a mirror image of the U.S. There is no anti-Afghanistan peace movement in Russia. There is an anti-nuclear peace movement there, just as there is here. The movement there, except for a few persecuted truth-tellers, is mobilized against U.S. nuclear policy; and the movement here, except for a few unpersecuted truth-tellers, is mobilized against U.S. nuclear policy. So the totalitarians are off the hook.

BEFORE OUR EYES there is a revival of anti-Semitism in the world, and it is being widely denied. On October 10, the day after a terrorist attack on a Rome synagogue, Maxymilian Kolbe, a Polish priest, and, it turns out, a rabid anti-Semite, was canonized in the Roman Catholic Church. But for weeks after Kolbe's canonization, no one in the general press was interested in his history. *The New York Times* finally devoted twelve inches to the story on November 19, after being badgered by Samuel Menashe, a New York poet. The form of denial preferred by Kolbe's defenders i to put his anti-Semitism in perspective Kolbe's views should be seen, accordin; to Henry Kamm, in the context of "th substantial Jewish presence in the pre war Polish economy which . . . was per ceived by many Poles as a social prob lem." (Imagine what that excuse fo anti-Semitism would portend for Ameri can Jewry.) In any case, Kolbe's thinkin; on the Jews was that of "the Polish clergy and its faithful" as a whole. I always thought that a saint was supposed to rise above the whole.

SECRETARY OF STATE George Shultz on at least two occasions has criticized the oath pledging nonsupport for the P.L.O. which the Israelis were about to demand from all foreigners teaching in West Bank universities. It violates academic freedom, he and others have charged, and I agree. Such oaths are both noxious and stupid. Not that these institutions are really centers of higher learning. They have become bases for political agitation and revolutionary activity against Israel. In such circumstances, academic freedom is not exactly what you and I understand by the term. But principle is principle, isn't it? Apparently not. Mr. Shultz seems to have forgotten that his department administers a set of rules that keeps foreign Communists from teaching in American universities and even from attending academic conferences here. Is the U.S. more threatened by enemies than Israel? Do these rules not impede the very freedom of thought in our country that the Secretary is so eager to protect in the disputed West Bank?

FOREIGN MINISTER Yitzhak Shamir has denied to the judicial panel investigating Israeli culpability in the Beirut massacre that communications minister Mordechai Zipori had warned him Phalangists were "massacring" people in the camps. "As far as I remember, the word 'massacre' was not mentioned." Shamir admitted that Zipori had claimed the Phalangists were "running wild." Maybe Zipori didn't utter the dread word, but what exactly did Shamir think Zipori meant by "running wild"? "I did not ask," Shamir responded, "I also don't recall that it bothered me." That is denial—at its criminal worst.

M. P.

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

to reject the review entirely.

My review was in the hands of THE NEW REPUBLIC's editors early enough to have permitted everybody on the premises to have read it and reread it a dozen times. I heard nothing from any editor at THE NEW REPUBLIC, including Jack Beatty, the book review editor. No changes were requested. However, when I received the galley proofs I found one addition had been made by some editor. The addition was one word: "barbarous," as seen in the sentence portion I quoted above. The addition of that word didn't bother me; I mention it only to show that my review was not only read but was *altered* by the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC—or at least by one editor. They weren't sleeping when it passed their way; indeed, they were feeling at least mildly creative when they got their hands on it.

It is standard practice—one could accurately say "traditional"—that after a magazine's editors have worked over a review, and accepted it, and published it, they stand behind it. Publishing a review does not mean that a magazine approves all the ideas in the review. It does mean —or at least it has always meant to every magazine and newspaper I have ever written for—that the editors approve the quality of the review. What's more, the editors almost invariably (I have never known an exception, until now) show their steadfast support for permitting the reviewer to reply — if any replies are to be made — to readers who challenge this or that about the review. Until now. For editors to accept a review and publish it, and then, under fire from a small group of readers, panic and run—that's a new experience for me.

THE NEW REPUBLIC did not submit any readers' letters for my comment, nor did the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC discuss their "reply" with me before printing it, as editors of any professional courtesy and integrity would have done. No, they just cut and ran—apparently trying to leave the impression that they had not read and added to and approved my review before publishing it.

I apologize for nothing in my review. What I do regret is that I accepted an assignment from a magazine whose editors have shown themselves capable of acting in such a sleazy, cowardly, and unprofessional manner.

ROBERT SHERRILL
Tallahassee, Florida

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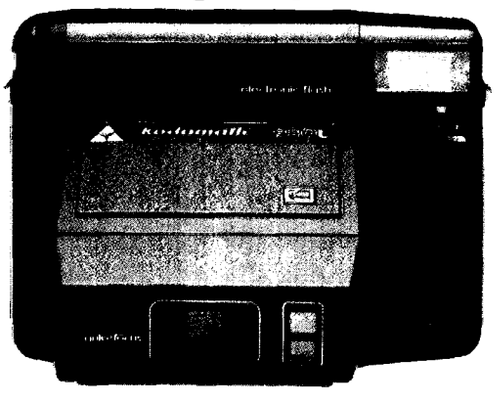

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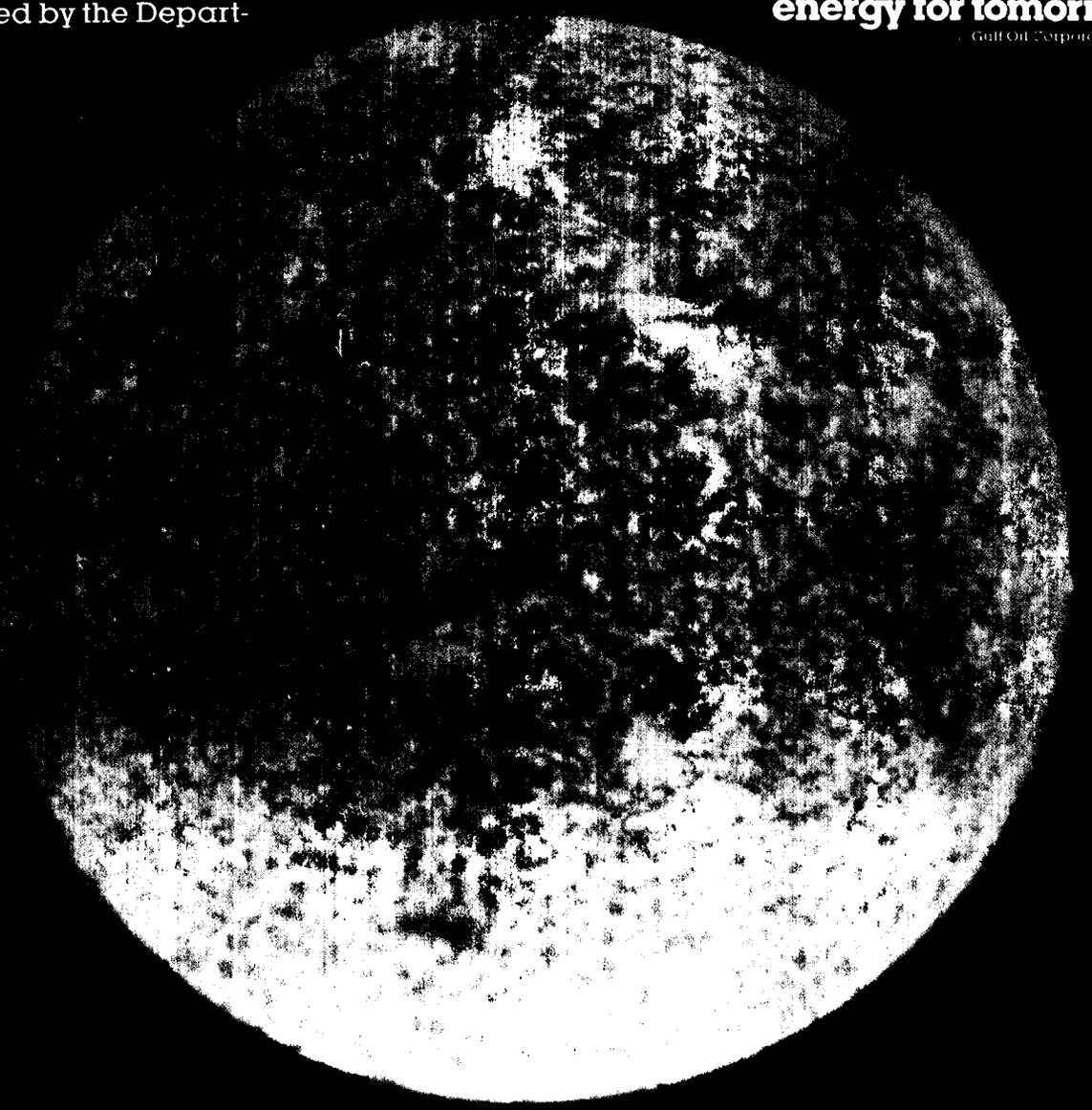

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